The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

Dr A H Strickler
14Feby82

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Poetry.

THE PLACE.

"I go to prepare a place for you."

O Holy Place, we know not where thou art?
Though one by one our well-beloved dead
From our close claspings to Thy bliss have fled,
They send no word back to the breaking heart;
And if, perchance, their angels fly athwart
The silent reaches of the abyss widespread,
The swift white wings we see not, but instead
Only the dark void keeping us apart.
Where did He set thee, O thou Holy Place?
Made He a new world in the heavens high hung,
So far from this poor earth that even yet
Its first glad rays have traversed not the space
That lies between us, nor their glory flung
On the old home its sons can ne'er forget?

But what if on some fair, auspicious night,
Like that on which the shepherds watched of old,
Down from far skies, in burning splendor rolled,
Shall stream the radiance of a star more bright
Than ever yet hath shone on mortal sight—
Swift shades of light, like javelins of gold,
Wave after wave of glory manifold,
From zone to zenith flooding all the height?
And what if, moved by some strange inner sense,
Some instinct, than pure reason wiser far,
Some swift clairvoyance that annulleth space,
All men shall cry, with sudden joy intense,
"Behold, behold this new resplendent star,
Our heaven at last revealed!—the Place! the Place!"

Then shall the heavenly host with one accord
Veil their bright faces in obeisance meet,
While swift they haste the Glorious One to greet.
Then shall Orion own at last his lord,
And from his belt unloose the blazing sword,
While pale proud Ashtaroth, with footsteps fleet,
Her jeweled crown drops humbly at His feet,
And Lyra strikes her harp's most rapturous chord.
O Earth, bid all your lonely isles rejoice!
Break into singing, all ye silent hills;
And ye, tumultuous seas, make quick reply!
Let the remotest desert find a voice!
The whole creation to its center thrills,
For the new light of heaven is in the sky!

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Communications.

For The Messenger.

THE LIGHT AND BEAUTY OF OUR HOMES.

The family is of God, and the home which fosters it should be worthy of so precious a treasure. The character of the home has much to do with the training of the family. This is of the first importance, since the family life, when sanctified by the spirit of chastity, lies at the foundation of all true virtue and excellence in society.

If the fountain of social life is suffered to become corrupt or even to remain imperfect and stunted, the stream will of necessity be also correspondingly impure and faulty. Hence, the importance of keeping the family and the family life free from the taint of sin and folly. Every successful effort here, to maintain a pure moral and religious tone, and to cherish good and exalted principles, is a beneficent work done for the general public. The Christian home should exhibit the highest excellence—should contain everything adapted to make it pleasant and attractive to the inmates—should, in short, be a place desirable above every other, for both parents and children.

Even the externals of our homes should be a matter of deep concern. These surroundings, in the midst of which we grow up and become moulded, have much to do with the formation of character and the cultivation of a pure and refined taste. The inmates of our homes are the creatures of circumstances to a very large extent, and their surroundings should accordingly be carefully guarded. What, then, can be done to bring these nurseries of virtue and of piety to this highest state of excellence and efficiency in the direction indicated?

Much can be done to accomplish this end. As we have already referred incidentally to the surroundings of our homes—the external circumstances, in the midst of which we are to grow up and be fashioned into useful men and women, it may not be amiss to say something more definitely in reference to this point, before proceeding to what belongs more properly to the inner sanctuary.

What we need, therefore, besides the ordinary comforts and conveniences connected with our dwellings, is to see that their surroundings be kept in proper order, that we beautify, as far as this can be done, the grounds around our buildings; that we make them pleasant and attractive. A few choice flowers judiciously and tastefully arranged; a good selection of fruits of various kinds, some of the most beautiful and select trees of the ornamental kinds, an orderly and striking arrangement of them, with a few other things of a similar nature, would do much to beautify our homes and make them agreeable and edifying to their inmates. And these incidental and outward proprieties will add much to their educational influences, and impart a pleasing, elevating, and refining power to their home scenes. In this lies, to a large extent, the moulding power of the normal or model home. Everything, in fact, that meets the eye or strikes the ear, in the way of sight or sound, has a controlling influence on those who come in contact with them. What refined and exquisite pleasure does not the presence of a few rose bushes or other choice flowers afford the sensitive and cultivated mind! How mighty is this influence in the way of cultivating a refined taste and forming correct and moral habits! What is beautiful is also essentially pure and elevating, while the ugly and deformed is of equally opposite character and tendency. How much relief from a sense of weariness and discouragement does not the cultivation of a few plants or even fruit trees afford to the active mind not otherwise occupied! No wonder that the first home that graced and blessed our world—the home of our first parents—selected and prepared by the good Lord Himself, was a fruit and pleasure garden—a paradise, so called because it was a beautiful spot, a park, a garden of delight, a place containing "every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food." Into this delightful spot, this garden or Eden, the Lord in His infinite wisdom and goodness placed man to "dress it and to keep it." God knew what was best for the comfort of His creatures, and for the inculcation of sound morals. The penalty of their transgressions was the exclusion of our first parents from this garden of delights, and their consequent wretchedness, the fate of many of their hapless descendants of the present day. For the pure, and the good, and for their happiness was the garden of Eden gotten up and arranged. A similar arrangement, even in our fallen state, would still bear its rich harvest of golden fruits, and would go far in strewing our pathway through life with a profusion of flowers, both beautiful and fragrant.

But after all the chief attraction and highest excellence of our home, must be of an internal character, and especially as connected with the pure and elevating influences of the gospel of Christ, the religion of the crucified One. The outside is rather accidental than real and essential. Within is the true sanctuary—the family or home circle in the best sense of the term. There we must look for its chief attractions and seek for the most exquisite enjoyments. Faithful and loving hearts are the most essential elements of happy homes. The virtues and graces of a truly Christian life must be the leading ornaments of a well-ordered model home. Parents and children must be, alike, animated by that meek and gentle spirit which so eminently distinguished our blessed Lord. He must be the Master, then, the living and all-controlling example of its inmates. His spirit must be their spirit; His life their life; His unruffled peace and blessedness, their chief portion and inheritance. The bond that binds together the several members of the family circle, must be the sweet bond of charity, of kindness, of tender love and affection. Each one must be ambitious to excel in the refined and genial acts of friendship, of brotherly love and affection. All must be solicitors for each other's welfare, striving together, and eagerly seeking to render each other mutual assistance, and thus to advance the common good of the household. There must be no selfishness there, no exclusive spirit must be permitted to enter within that hallowed circle which the benediction of the Lord has made so ineffably lovely and attractive. Each one must have an open and discriminating eye to the general good, and faithfully labor to secure this wished-for end. Where such a spirit of pure disinterestedness is found to exist, peace and harmony will prevail; and the "beauty of the Lord our God" will be upon us for good. What a lovely and striking image of the lost paradise, even in this fallen world, would thus be furnished by every well constituted home. And how easily might such a glorious triumph be achieved. Nay, with what unspeakable blessedness would not such a noble and exalted effort be carried forward and accomplished; and then, on such a family-tree as this, what charming fruits, richly tinted, fragrant, and fraught with highest delight, would be found to grow and ripen!

Such is a faint picture of a Christian home and its blessed scenes of peace, of harmony, and of happiness. God grant that many such homes may be found to grace and beautify, to sanctify and bless, to adorn and elevate our land and nation. May the kind and genial spirit of the gospel of God's grace be the life and beauty of all Christian homes, and cast over our fallen race at least some few rays of the ineffable light and glory of the unseen and eternal world! This would give us here already some faint foretaste of the blessedness to be realized fully in our Father's house—that "temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Easton, Pa., March 29, 1882. X. Y. Z.

Selections.

PIETY FOR THE SAKE OF POWER.

It is possible for a man to desire and to seek high spiritual attainments selfishly for the sake of the power they bring. I remember once walking with a minister (now deservedly famous for great services—great and successful—rendered to the best cause) in the street of a city where a common friend of ours had then recently achieved a bright and brief career of usefulness, characterized by singular intensity of simple piety on his part. We were met in our walk by one who had known this fervent young spirit while he was still purely and swiftly burning out his life in that keen and costly flame of work and devotion. "I never could be near my pastor without feeling the spell of spiritual power upon me from his presence," was the testimony now borne to the dead by the gentleman who met us. "I wish I could have that remark made about me," said my friend to me afterward. "What would I not give to deserve such a tribute to my piety!" "And yet," he continued, checking himself with chiding self-recollection, "I suppose I want the piety just for the sake of the power." My friend, perhaps, judged himself more hardly than anybody else would have judged him, but his reflection on his own motive at least evinced a deeply penetrating and a just insight into the secret of the human heart.

Power—mere power—power for its own sake and for nothing beyond itself, this is one of the distinguishable primordial springs of human action. Isaac Taylor points this out strikingly in his profound study of Ignatius Loyola. There are some men whose character and life can be rightly understood only as interpreted in the light of such a governing principle of conduct.

But while the whole drift of some men's behavior is determined by pure love of pure power, in the most of us this motive works, not singly, but in association with other motives, and not mainly, perhaps, but in subordination to those other motives. Still, in some degree of its influence, this motive enters and works very widely often where it is least suspected of working at all.

For the motive disguises itself. It wears a pious mask. The wearer himself is deceived. It is "power with God" that he covets. The Christian, the Christian minister, it may be, conceives that he would like to exert a great power to prevail with God in prayer. For this purpose he will consent to take a great deal of trouble. He is willing to be eminently pious. But in deep truth it is not the piety, it is the power of the piety that he seeks. I have heard young men talk about Charles G. Finney's autobiography in a strain that seemed to me to betray the unconscious working in them of the passion of power, disguised to the subjects under the mask of a passion for piety. They wanted not Finney's faith so much as the wonder-working efficacy of Finney's faith. These inexperienced young brethren would have been shocked at the suggested idea that they unawares were near to committing the sin of Simon Magus. What was Simon Magus' sin? Why, he offered money to buy the power of conferring the Holy Ghost. Young ministers reading Mr. Finney's own witness of what God wrought by him never, indeed, conceive a thought of purchasing a like experience with money. But in a spirit not essentially, only formally, different from that of the Samaritan sorcerer they feel the temptation to pray long, and fast often, and practice a presumptuous faith in imagined following of Mr. Finney's example, all as their purchase-price for the "enduement," to which Mr. Finney alludes so habitually of the Holy Ghost.

The measures adopted by "evangelists," so-called, have a look not seldom of a subtly Simonizing spirit on their part. These men do not seek to buy the power of the Holy Ghost. But they do use expedients of spiritual manifestation much in the manner of the magician. What Simon Magus wanted was apparently to possess one more trick, a master trick, in the art that he practiced. He expected to add to the resources of his sorcery. He desired more power, and here was a way, he thought, to get it. Simon Magus, indeed, perhaps wanted power for the sake of something beyond power; that is gain. But to some among revivalists there is a temptation more subtle, as less sordid. These men—not all the revivalists, not most, I imply no estimate of the proportionate number, but some—love power for power's sake. They are fond, unconsciously, of being seen in the capacity of thaumaturgists. They have reduced the business of religious excitation to a kind of exact science. So much preaching, so much praying, so much inquiry meeting, so much bodily demonstration secured in getting up and sitting down of congregations—or of parts of congregations—and certain calculated results may be trusted to follow. The profession is one in which Simon Magus may sometimes, does sometimes, prosper. Success here, that is, seeming success, proves nothing for the true piety of the leader. The leader may be truly pious, but then again his piety, and this too without him knowing it himself, may be piety for the sake of power.

Well, I am willing to admit that piety for the sake of power is a phrase capable of being understood in a sense that we should all of us approve. If you seek to become an eminent saint for the purpose of exciting an eminent power to help others, and this without reflex final reference to your own good or glory; that surely is a far higher motive than it would be to seek eminence in saintship for the purpose of enjoying the advantage yourself. But it is wholesome for us all to remember that the danger is real, and is great, of our coveting even spiritual power in a spirit not less worldly, nay, far more worldly, since ostensibly not worldly at all, than the spirit in which the politician covets political power, or the warrior warlike. It is not the kind of power we seek, it is the spirit in which we seek the power that makes the difference. Priests have in all ages and countries tended to be every whit as worldly as the men of secular callings. Christian ministers have need to guard themselves at this point. Piety for the sake of power is no obstacle, no local snare of the devil. It is a snare that he lays for the feet of modern Christian ministers and of Protestant ministers, not less than he used to do for the monks of the desert; than he does still for the hierarchies of the Roman communion or the Greek; for Mormon prophet or Brahmanic priest.

The danger takes two forms, stages or degrees—three, in fact: spiritual pride, spiritual self-deception, spiritual hypocrisy. You begin by cultivating sanctity in something like a sincere and simple spirit. Still, unconsciously you are influenced by the wish to win the repute of being holy. The repute will help you to wield the power of sanctity. Reciprocally the observed power will react to give you the repute. Thus you become inflated with the pride of being a saint. The devil is at hand, cunning to deceive you and to keep you deceived. You honestly misdeem yourself a saint. At least, the lack of honesty on your part recedes so far into the past, becomes so deeply hidden under the surface of self-consciousness, that you never suspect yourself of not being honest. The next step is easy and short. You sought power as the end, you adopted sanctity as the means. This choice was itself essentially an act proceeding from lack of real faith on your part. Real faith would have sought sanctity as its own sufficing end. Power would have followed as of course. But you would have exerted the power unconsciously, still making sanctity your aim. As it is, you rely less and less on real sanctity to give you the power you seek, and more and more on repute of sanctity diffused among your fellow men. You have reached the last stage of the result legitimately springing from the pursuit of piety for the sake of power. You have become a hypocrite. You trade on the repute of piety that you do not possess, do not even strive to possess. You teach praying, but you do not pray. You teach humility, but you are swollen with pride. You teach self-sacrifice, but you seek your own. You use phrases that should mean much, but that mean nothing in your mouth. Do not imagine that your disciples take no harm. Disciples learn rather what their masters are, than what their masters say. It needs only that the illusion spread, as it naturally will, and become universal, and it ceases to be an illusion. The mask is thrown off. An age of cant suddenly recognizes itself as an age of skepticism. Such is the natural end of piety sought for the sake of power.

Our safety is in simply seeking to obey Christ for Christ's sake. If power comes to us in consequence, well. But let us still simply seek to obey. Our power will be the more powerful if we exert it unconsciously. And our power will grow greater constantly as we constantly obey. To please Christ, that is the one safe end of all our seeking. Power will attend us as we obey. But we must not obey, as indeed we cannot truly obey, in order that power may attend us. Piety for the sake of power is perhaps more deeply evil in God's sight than any other path to power that we can follow.—*Christian Union.*

Family Reading.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

Very early in the morning,
Ere the rising of the day
Gave to night its first faint warning,
Ere the stars had paled away,
Came the two fond Marys, weeping,
(Love and sorrow made them brave,)
To the place where Christ was sleeping
In the rich man's garden grave.

But in vain they sought the Master,
Questioning, in anxious tone,
As their mournful feet move faster,
"Who will roll away the stone!"
For, to keep the grave securer,
Jewish priests had placed one there,
And to make the sealed stone surer,
Roman soldiers watched with care.

But an angel had descended,
Rolled back the mighty stone,
Broke the tomb it had defended,
And in triumph sat thereon.
Heaven's own strength, in burning brightness,
Flashed like lightning from His eyes,
While His garb of dazzling whiteness
Told Heaven's joy and victory.

The astonished earth was quaking;
And the keepers lay around,
Some for conscious terror shaking,
Some like dead men on the ground;
While the women filled with wonder,
Heard beneath the earth they trod
Sounds of awe, like muffled thunder,
Murmuring of a risen God.

And they heard the angel speaking
As they trembled at his side,—
"Fear not ye; I know ye're seeking
Jesus which was crucified.
From the dead the Lord hath risen,
And the powers of death dismayed;
Come behold His empty prison;—
See the place where He was laid."

Then with mingled fear and gladness,
Home they ran with loving speed;
Greeted other hearts of sadness
With—"The Lord is risen indeed!"
So let us, with reverence lowly,
And a joy of sorrow born,
Learn a lesson sweet and holy,
From the resurrection morn.

When our friends in dust are sleeping,
Nevermore to wake below,
Let us check our bitter weeping,
And appease our sharpest woe.
For as Christ the King Immortal
Died, that Death might be His prize,
Rose to break the grave's dark portal,
So the dead in Christ shall rise.

When this world ensnares our senses,
Let us to the Saviour fly,
Him, who died for our offenses,
Rose, our souls to justify.
"If we then with Christ be risen,"
Let us set our hearts above;
Earth is but a transient prison,
Heaven an endless home of love.

—*Sa:tain's Magazine.*

THE GRAVES OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

Good John Brown had a peculiar affection and reverence for the children's graves. Not one of them was suffered to go to waste; and long after the little mound had disappeared the little level spot was easily found by patches of white clover—for John invariably sowed this on the little graves and on none other. Mr. Gray had not been long minister of the parish till he noticed the odd practice of the grave-digger, and one day, when he came upon John smoothing and trimming the lonely bed of a child which had been buried a few days before, he asked him why he was so particular in dressing and keeping the graves of the children. John paused for a moment at his work, and looking up, not at the minister, but at the sky, said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"And on this account you tend and adorn them with so much care?" remarked the minister, who was greatly struck with the reply. "Surely, sir," answered John, "I canna make ower braw and fine the bed-coverin' o' a little innocent sleeper that is waitin' there till it is God's time to wauken it and cover it with the white robe and waft it away to glory. When sic grandeur is awaitin' it yonder, it's fit it should be decked oot here. I think the Savior that counts its dust sae precious will like to see the white clover sheet spread abune it; dae ye no' think sae tae, sir?"

"But why not thus cover larger graves?" asked the minister, hardly able to suppress his emotion. "The dust of all His saints is precious in the Saviour's sight."

"Very true, sir," responded John with great solemnity, "but I canna be shure wha are His saints and wha are no'. I hope there are mony o' them lyin' in this kirkyard; but it would be a great presumption in me to mark them oot. There are some I'm gey sure aboot, and I keep their graves as nate and snod as I can, and plant a bit floure here and there as a sign o' my hope; but I daurna gie them the white sheet. It's clean different, though, with the bairns; we hae His ain word for their upgoing, and sae I canna mak' an error there. Some folk, I believe, are bauld enough to say that it's only the infants o' the guid that will be saved."

"And do you adhere to that doctrine?" inquired Mr. Gray.

John answered by pointing to a little patch a few paces off which was thickly covered with clover. "That ane," he said, "is the bairn o' Tam Sutton, the collier. Ye ken Tam, sir?"

Mr. Gray did indeed know Tam, for he was the most notorious swearer, liar, and drunkard in the parish; and John did not require to say any more to show that he disbelieved the doctrine of the condemnation of infants.

"It's no' only cruel and blasphemous," he continued, in a dry, sarcastic way, "but it's quite absurd. Jist tak' that bairn o' Tam's as an example. According to their belief it's lost; because we may, without any breach of charity, say that Tam is at present a reprobate. But he is still in the place of hope, sir, and it is quite possible that he may be converted. What comes o' the bairn, then? Na, na," he added, looking reverently upward, "God is merciful, and Jesus died; and it was Him that said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'" The minister took John's hand and silently pressed it. He had got the key to his deeper nature, and was thrilled by its unexpected richness.—*Experience.*

A GOOD EXPERIENCE.

God knows me better than I know myself. He knows my gifts and powers, my failings and my weaknesses—what I can do, and not do. So I desire to be led—to follow Him; and I am quite sure that He will thus enable me to do a great deal more in ways which seem to me almost a waste in life, in advancing His cause, than I could in any other way. I am sure of that. Intellectually I am weak; in scholarship, nothing; in a thousand things, a baby. He knows this; and so He has led me, and greatly blessed me, who am nobody, to be of some use to my church and fellow-men. How kind, how good, how compassionate art Thou, O God! O my Father, keep me humble! Help me to have respect for my fellow-men, and to recognize these several gifts as from Thee. Deliver me from the diabolical sins of malice, envy, or jealousy, and give a hearty joy in my brother's good, in his work, in his gifts and talents; and may I be truly glad in his superiority to myself, if God be glorified. Root out all weak vanity, all devilish pride, and all that is abhorrent to the mind of Christ. God hear my prayer. Grant me the wondrous joy of humility, which is seeing Thee as all in all.—*Norman McLeod's Diary.*

CHEERFUL NON-GIVERS.

Mr. A., a vestryman of——parish, listened to a missionary statement of the work of a new mission in a destitute neighborhood. "It is a good work," said he, "a very good work. I'll give a dollar to help it on." The next day Mr. A. went on a pleasure trip to a distant city; stopped at a first-class hotel, and rode around to see various points of interest. The trip cost him one hundred dollars.

Miss B. took out of her purse fifty cents to help buy some coal for a poor widow's family in a back street, but left in the other compartment of the purse a ten dollar bill that was to be used for buying some trimming for a new dress.

Mrs. C. was very much interested in paying off the church debt. She finally concluded that she could afford to give ten dollars; but finding that the ring she was about purchasing was more expensive than she first thought, changed her gift to the church to five dollars. The other five dollars went to help pay for the ring.

Dr. D. told the committee who called upon him that he really could not give more than fifty cents each week toward the rector's salary. He thought twenty-five dollars a year a generous allowance for him; but he sent home the same day a few ornaments, for which his wife was puzzled for house room. The ornaments cost twenty-five dollars.

The roof of the parsonage leaked badly, and the clergyman reported that the health of his family was suffering from the dampness thus occasioned throughout the house; but the people were so slow in repairing it that the winter was one of great discomfort to the clergyman's family. During the winter the rector was invited to five parties given by his parishioners, the expense of which would have put the dilapidated rectory in complete repair.—*Pacific Churchman.*

PAY YOUR PREACHER.

We are persuaded one reason why some churches are always behind in paying their preachers, is because they have not studied the question from a Bible stand-point. Many people have no definite views of this duty at all. It is quite probable the subject never engages their thought, save and except when they are called upon for money in the prosecution of some church enterprise, or the support of the minister. Then if they respond to these calls, thus hurriedly brought to their attention, they do so—not so much because they are prompted by an intelligent conviction of their duty, as perhaps by a desire to get rid for the time being of a very disagreeable business. It is very wonderful how few there are who study this important question in the light of the Bible. The churches, as a rule, are not slow in making demands upon their ministers, and ready enough to find fault if these demands are not met. We find no fault, particularly, with this; for if a people hire a minister it is for the purpose of serving them in this capacity. He engages to do work for them and is bound to perform it. But are not they equally under obligation to remunerate him for the work? Is the minister under greater obligations to perform the services for which he is engaged, than people are to pay him for what he does? It may be said, God calls him to preach. True; and does He not call the people to pay? "Who planteth a vineyard and eateth not of the fruit thereof? or, who feedeth a flock and eateth not of the milk of the flock?" If the workman is paid and fails to do his work, upon him shall the shame rest; but if not remunerated by those who employ him, then they are not only barred against finding fault, but are liable to the charge of dishonesty. Delinquent churches, pay your ministers or cease fault-finding.—*Ex.*

MISTAKES OF LIFE.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like the drops in the ocean or the sands of the shore in number, but it is well to be accurate. Here, then, are fourteen great mistakes: "It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike; not to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity."—*Interior.*

BREAKING DOWN.

Working for God is often painful as well as humbling. It entails suffering, and we are fitted for it by suffering. Why is this? Because the suffering brings us into closer fellowship with our Lord, who was the man of sorrows; because it brings us into sympathy with our brethren suffering all around us; because it weakens us; because it humbles us. Do you know what is God's chief difficulty with us? It is not the filling us; it is the emptying us. It is not the edifying us; it is the pulling us down. And therefore it is that God's chief instrument of edification is the pick-ax. He must break us down, down, down, and whatever He gives us to do for His service, He will first of all show us that we are not able to do it.

In our armies, when a man is wounded, they take him at once out of the ranks and put him in the rear to take care of him. He is not fit for the fighting until his wounds are healed.

Not so in the Lord's army. There the faint are in the heat of battle, and the wounded lead the vanguard. Look at the history of the Church, and you will see that most, if not all, of those whom God has employed in a signal manner for His glory, have been, in one way or another, among the most afflicted of men, either in heart or in body, sometimes in both. Therefore, do not be afraid of suffering. Do not think that suffering interferes with service. On the contrary, it helps it on. When, therefore, we offer our prayers to God and ask Him to take us and make us, don't let us forget to put up another petition between those two and ask Him also to break us. That is a short and comprehensive prayer: "Take me! break me! make me!" God, answering that prayer, can do something with us.—*Theo. Monod.*

ALL OR NONE.

We had listened together to a solemn sermon—my young friend and I—and as we walked home I said to him:

"Why is it that you cannot be convinced and become a Christian?"

"O," he replied, gayly, "I am convinced. There's nothing the matter with my head; the difficulty is with my heart. I don't want to be one—at least not yet. I have ambitious plans for life which would be very bitter for me to forego, and I would have to forego them if I became a Christian."

"Why so?"

"Because it is not in my nature to halve things. It must be all or none with me. Now, if I became a Christian—I don't mean one of your mere professors, but an out-and-out follower of Christ—I could see no stopping-place between that and becoming a minister; and a minister I will not be. It would be to abandon the cherished ideas of a lifetime. The traditions of my family lead me into politics, and there I must find my arena—not in the narrowness of the pulpit."

After some urgency on my part we separated, and this peculiar subject was never renewed between us again.

Years passed away, and the same friend and I met at a large social gathering. After a little desultory talk he suddenly and somewhat bitterly turned to me:

"Do you know I am an utterly disappointed and thwarted man?"

I expressed my surprise.

"Yes," said he, "all paths in life seem closed to me. You know with what high hopes I began my career, which was to end in noble statesmanship. The fortunes of war soon put an end to that. Then I sought military distinctions, and threw myself with all my soul into the terrible struggle. My health was utterly wrecked before I had seen one year of service. I turned, after the close of the war, to literature—my education at least remained to me; and that hope has collapsed of late, and you see me now a thwarted and broken-spirited man."

My thoughts went back to the deliberate choice that brilliant mind had made on that well-remembered Sabbath night—I wondered if my friend's did the same; if it did, he gave no sign.

Only a few years went by, and in silence and sorrow my friend went out of life into the great hereafter. Whether the heart that had so long held out, despite the conviction of the head, yielded at last who dare say? If it did, he left no record of it.—*Christian Observer.*

SELFISHNESS IN RELIGION.

There is such a thing as selfishness in religion. A man may be so intent on saving himself as to have no regard for God beyond the use that God is to him, no sympathy with the suffering of Jesus beyond the atoning influence of His sacrifice on this special Christian's personal salvation, no particular admiration of heaven beyond the comfort which the thought of it gives him now and the good he hopes to get out of it hereafter. The salvation of others may be a happy incident in the future history of this selfish Christian, and he is willing to see heaven crowded because it must be a better sight than an empty heaven; and he is willing to have countless millions singing in heaven because that thundering chorus will be so much more glorious than if his solitary harp and voice made the only music in eternity. But that is all his selfishness sees in the salvation of others.

Such a Christian is naturally impatient of any opposition to his judgment and any deviation from his religious practices. He judges all his fellow-men, and specially all his fellow-Christians, as they "stand" or "fall" to him. But Paul vehemently asks, "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth." And you are not his master; nor are you his slave; he belongs to God; you belong to God; he does not live to himself; you do not live to yourself; he does not die to himself; you do not die to yourself.—*Rev. Dr. Deems.*

I DARE NOT IDLE STAND.

I dare not idle stand,
While upon every hand
The whitening fields declare the harvest near;
A gleaner I would be,
Gathering, dear Lord, for Thee,
Lest I with empty hands at last appear.

I dare not idle stand,
While on the shifting sand
The ocean casts bright treasures at my feet;
Beneath some shell's rough side
The tinted pearl may hide,
And I with precious gifts my Lord may meet.

I dare not idle stand,
While over all the land
Poor, wandering souls need humble help like mine;
Brighter than brightest gem
In monarch's diadem
Each soul a star in Jesus' crown may shine.

I dare not idle stand,
But at my Lord's command
Labor for Him throughout my life's short day;
Evening will come at last,
Day's labor all be passed,
And rest eternal my brief toil repay.

—*Selected.*

THE KAISER'S FAVORITE FLOWER.

That the blue-bottle (also called bachelor's-button) is the favorite flower of the Emperor of Germany is a well-known fact. The reason why this simple field flower should be preferred by him to other and much finer ones may not be so well known. On the occasion of a small festival given at Königsberg, the Emperor's mother, Queen Louise, appeared in the presence of several French generals, sent by Napoleon I. to the unhappy Prussian King, in a very simple white dress, wearing some of these flowers in her hair and a small bunch of them in her corsage, much to the astonishment of the rude warriors, who did not hesitate to exchange in a loud whisper derogatory remarks about the plainness of her toilet. Turning with an indescribably sad yet dignified smile to the generals, the Queen said: "Ever since your horses have trodden down our corn-fields, gentlemen, these pretty wild flowers may well be counted among the rare treasures of my unhappy country."

That scene and the flowers connected with it belonged henceforth to the Emperor's sad but sweet reminiscences of his youthful days. When, shortly before the battle of Friedland, Queen Louise had once more to flee from Königsberg to Memel, the carriage in which she travelled with her two eldest sons, Princes Frederick William and William, lost a wheel on the road. They were obliged to alight, and being far away from any habitation, to sit down by the side of the deserted road, while the damage was repaired. The little princes, being tired and very hungry, loudly bewailed their fate to the dejected mother, who did not know how to appease the wants of her children. The young and delicate Prince William in particular clung beseechingly to his dearly-beloved parent, who finally rose from her grassy seat and culled blue-bottles in the adjacent fields, encouraging the two boys to follow her example. With the flowers thus plucked she twined wreaths, which occupation the princes looked on with great curiosity and interest.

The feeling of helplessness and the thought of the unhappy condition of her family, her country, and the future of the sons by her side brought tears to the mother's eyes—hot tears, which slowly trickled upon the flowers she held in her hands. Prince William, deeply touched, threw his arms round her neck, and tried to comfort her with his child-like caresses, which brought a sweet smile on the maternal face and lips, and won for the irresistible comforter a wreath of blue flowers upon his ten-year-old curly head. This touching road-side scene, Prince, now Emperor, William, has never forgotten. On every corn-flower (this being the German name) he still thinks he sees the glitter of the maternal tear. Hence his fondness for them. Still it is not the flower alone he loves; he has also a great partiality for its color. A peculiar construction of the Emperor's eyes causes this particular shade of blue to strike it more pleasingly than any other, to such a degree, in fact, as to render him almost indifferent, nay, insensible, to all other colors. This is also the reason why he likes to surround himself with this his favorite shade, and the ladies of his court have long made it a point to appear on festive occasions in blue toilets, which not only produce an agreeable effect upon his sight, but also upon his mood, imparting to the latter that happy tinge of cheerfulness and amiability which have long become proverbial in his case.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Selections.

It is not enough to smell the flowers of Christianity; we must pluck its fruit. It is not enough to taste its sweets; we must sow its seed.

There is many a thing which the world calls disappointment; but there is no such word in the dictionary of faith. What to others are disappointments, are to believers intimations of the will of God.—*Newton.*

Chrysostom said beautifully, so beautifully that the words have been preserved like a fly in amber: "God has given a man two eyes; if he lose one, he hath another. But a man hath only one soul; if he lose that, the loss can never be made up again."

Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls, and the most massive characters are seamed with scars; martyrs have put on their coronation robes glittering with fire, and through their tears have the sorrowful first seen the gates of heaven.—*Chapin.*

There may be a furlough from our customary work; there can never be any lawful vacation from doing good. There may be a change of place and scene and fellowship; there must be none in the spirit of self-sacrificing beneficence.—*A. L. Stone, D. D.*

How light would every trial be were our will wholly swallowed up in God's, and were we so completely made over to Christ and His work that we could say: "I am Thine; do with me what seemeth to Thee good. By action or suffering enable me to serve Thee the few years of my earthly pilgrimage, ere Thou takest me home to enjoy Thee forever."

Useful Hints and Recipes.

The following recipes for food often commended to the sick, are given by Miss Scovil, of the Massachusets General Hospital:

CHICKEN BROTH.—Chicken broth is made by cutting a chicken in pieces, immersing it in cold water in a saucepan, and boiling it for two hours. The fat must be removed by skimming.

CHICKEN PANADA.—To make chicken panada, rub together in a mortar the meat from the breast and wings of a roast or boiled chicken, with an equal quantity of stale bread; then add gradually the water in which the chicken was boiled; boil for a few minutes, and rub through a fine sieve.

DIGESTIBLE BEEF TEA.—Take a quarter of a pound of juicy beef, cut it in pieces across the grain, cover it with two gills of cold water and set it over the fire. It will boil in twenty minutes, when set it aside to cool and remove the fat. It should be the color of pale sherry and will be found to be very easily digested.

IN THE SICK ROOM.—The most tender care and watchfulness will be all in vain if the strength of the sufferer is not sustained by proper and nourishing food. In severe illness there is seldom much appetite, and it is often very difficult to overcome the disinclination to take food. Life itself depends upon the success of the nurse in administering it, and too often it is lost simply from starvation, with anxious friends sitting by who might have saved it had they used the proper means.

Milk does not agree with everyone, even in health, but, where it can be taken then, nausea sometimes follows its use in illness. This may be relieved by mixing lime-water with it, one tablespoonful to two of milk. When a cupful cannot be retained a small quantity given often will cause no distress. A teaspoonful once in half an hour may be tried, and, if that is kept down, gradually increased until a tablespoonful can be taken. It is better to give it more frequently, say every fifteen minutes, than to increase the quantity offered at once too rapidly. Thus proceeding by slow degrees the cupful that at first was rejected by the delicate stomach may be retained without difficulty.

If a sick person expresses a strong desire for some article of food it should be mentioned to the doctor. These cravings are often nature's way of indicating that the system lacks some constituent that the desired viand is rich in.

Miscellaneous.

EASTER.

O Earth, forget thy winter; O Nature, bud and bloom,
And clothe the slopes with greenness that late were hung with gloom.
O clustered Easter lilies, your gleaming censers lift,
Forth comes the mighty Victor, the rocky tomb to rift.
O gentle Easter angels, be swift to greet the day
When from the guarded chamber the stone is rolled away,
And Christ the King steps onward, with Death beneath Him dead,
And leads His ransomed homeward, with glory on His head.

Three days ago they laid Him, all pulseless, on the bier;
The thorn-marked brow was pallid; their hearts stood still in fear.
Three days of solemn stillness, three days of grief sublime—
A pause when seraphs waited to hear the throbs of Time.

And now? No burst of music, as when a Babe He came,
Though heaven is thrilled with rapture, and cherub-anthems flame.
In soundless flight on sweeping, the shining ones descend
To give our earth the keynote of songs that shall not end.

What though there are who listen in vain for voices hushed,
What though there are who languish o'er sweet hopes early crushed,
Still peals the Easter chorals adown the lonely years,
And yet the Easter promise hath solace for our tears.

The Christ for us hath conquered our one relentless foe,
Our vanished ones forever with Him are safe, we know.
O fragrant Easter lilies, like tapers fair ye stand,
To light the silent portals that guard the deathless land.

Haste, gentle Easter angels, who rolled the stone away,
Come melt our loveless spirits, shame unbelief this day,
And help us tread it under our footsteps as we sing
The joyous hymns of Easter around our risen King.

Science and Art.

WEIGHING THE EARTH. — One would scarcely think that the earth could be weighed in scales like a package of merchandise, but Herr von Jolly, of Munich, has done so, and finds it is 5692 times as heavy as a body of water of the same size, or about half as heavy as if it was of solid lead. He placed his balance in the top of a high tower, and from each of the scales suspended, by means of wire, a second scale at the foot of the tower. Two bodies which would balance in the upper scales were out of balance when one was removed to the lower scale, because the latter was nearer the centre of the earth. By comparing this difference with the difference caused by a large ball of lead (1 metre in diameter) in close proximity to the lower scale, he obtained an equation which, with the known size and density of the ball of lead, and the known size of the earth, gave the density of the latter as above stated.

CHINESE ASTRONOMERS.—It has long been known that the ingenious Chinese were enjoying the use of many conveniences of life before they came to be invented by western nations. Of these we may mention the magnetic needle, the printing press, and gunpowder. It would seem from a paper read by Mr. J. Dreyer, in the December number of the Royal Irish Academy, that the Chinese were also far advanced in the science of astronomy, and actually anticipated some of the ideas of Tycho Brahe three hundred years before that great astronomer was born. In the seventeenth century the Jesuit missionaries made their way to Pekin, and soon showed the Emperor and his wise men that in spite of their wisdom, they did not know quite all that had been discovered by western scientists. The Emperor was so impressed with what he heard that he commissioned the Jesuits to furnish him with new instruments for his conservatory; and the old ones which were thus superseded were put away and forgotten. It is to these old instruments that Mr. Dreyer in his paper calls attention. Photographs have lately been obtained of them. They show that these old contrivances, constructed by a Chinese astronomer, Ko Show-King, bear a striking resemblance to the instruments with which the great Danish astronomer observed the comet of 1585.

THE TIDES.—Various remarkable theories have been advanced regarding the tides. Many of these are truly so absurd that it is hardly worth while to refer to them. Persons find it difficult to understand why the tides are higher at one time than another, and why they rise to the height of sixty feet in the Bay of Fundy, forty in the ports of Bristol, England, and St. Malo, France, and only rise to a few feet in height at New York and other places, while they are scarcely perceptible in the Baltic and other seas. Descartes was the first philosopher who advanced the theory that the tides were due to the influence of the moon, but Newton was the first who worked the problem and discovered the true cause. Descartes believed that the moon acted on the waters of the ocean by pressure; Newton demonstrated that it acted on the ocean by attraction; that instead of pressing on the waters, it rolled them up directly under it, and also at its antipodes at the same time, thus producing the two tides every day. The tides are attractions of both sun and moon. If the earth had no moon, the attraction of the sun would produce two tides every day, but their ebb and flow would take place at the same hours, and not varying as they do. These tides would also be much smaller than those of the moon. Although the mass of the sun is far greater than that of the moon, and though attraction is in proportion to the mass, yet it is also inversely as the square of the distance. As the sun, therefore, is four hundred times more distant than the moon, the attraction of the waters of the sea toward the sun is found to be about three times less than that of the moon. There are really two ocean tides, the lunar and solar, but the latter is absorbed by the former, which is wholly observable in respect to the time, the solar only as it influences the height of the tidal wave. That caused by the moon, is three times greater than that of the sun, and it follows the moon's motion around the earth, rising and falling twelve hours, and each succeeding tide later by three-quarters of an hour than the preceding one, is exactly in accordance with the position of the moon, or, as it is commonly called, its rising and setting.—*Anon.*

Items of Interest.

"Tom Brown's School-days" is coming out in England in a six-penny edition.

The Commercial Club of Chicago proposes to establish a Manual Training School in that city at a cost of $100,000.

Japan is now full of schools, and the University of Tokio has over 200 students.

A Wisconsin pastor has been hauled up for illustrating his sermons by a magic lantern.

Sixty thousand bushels of seeds are being distributed this week among the sufferers by the forest fires in Michigan.

In the submerged district along the Mississippi most of the little people are fitted out with three or four gourds which act as life-preservers.

The famous horse-chestnut tree in the Tuileries Gardens, which is wont to blossom only on the 24th of March, in honor, the loyal used to aver, of the Dauphin's birth day, burst into bloom this year on the 28th of February.

Many ingenious attempts to defraud the German revenue have been detected at the Hamburg Custom House. Not long ago 1,200 Havana cigars were found in a plaster cast of the Venus de Medicis, which was about to pass free on the ground that it had merely been sent to Hamburg for repairs, and was then returning to its owner.

In Japan, as in America, the gentle sex monopolize most of the attention of society, while their unfortunate brothers are left to struggle for themselves. This discrimination begins early in life, for it is the Japanese custom to give baby girls the names of delicate and lovely plants or flowers, while the boys are simply numbered, and are known as First-boy, Second-boy, and so on.

The German gardeners, who give much attention to the cultivation of violets, have succeeded in transforming the nature of that modest flower. By preventing it from blossoming for some years, and training it to grow upright, they produce small violet trees of palm-like appearance, about five and a half inches high, crowned with leaves and luxuriant blossoms.

Just now, when Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth" is attracting the general attention of New Yorkers, it is interesting to call to mind what the noble showmen of ancient Rome accomplished in the menagerie line. The Emperor Probus collected, for a single show, 100 lions, 100 lionesses, 100 Libyan and 100 Syrian leopards, 300 bears and 600 gladiators. Having caused the circus to be planted with trees, to resemble a forest, he let loose 1,000 ostriches, 1,000 stags, 1,000 does and 1,000 boars, to be hunted by the populace, who were to keep whatever they could catch or kill while the gladiators fought with the wilder beasts.

The most ingenious begging scheme yet invented has been discovered in the operations of a French mendicant on Broadway. A gentleman walking on that street recently saw a shabby-genteel man in front of him spring forward, seize a crust from the gutter, and begin to munch it eagerly, as if half starved. This proof of actual hunger was so strong that the gentleman gave the poor fellow quite a little sum of money. On stepping into a neighboring store the gentleman related his experience only to be told that the beggar carried a crust with him which he alternately threw down and picked up, and that the fraud was so successful that the poverty-stricken wretch made from five dollars to ten dollars a day.

Personal.

Prince Bismark has founded two patrimonies for his sons. One, with which the title of Prince is connected, is to go to Count Herbert; the other, consisting of the Pomeranian domains, with the office of Chief Master of the Hunts attached to it, will fall to Count Wilhelm.

After Longfellow's visit to Windsor Castle, in 1857, the Queen said to Sir Theodore Martin: "I noticed an unusual interest among the attendants and servants. I could scarcely credit that they so generally understood who he was. When he took his leave they concealed themselves in places from which they could get a good look at him as he passed."

Queen Caroline of Saxony, who is in delicate health, is expected at Mentone on the 15th instant and will remain as long as Queen Victoria stays—that is, until the last of May. Queen Caroline came near being Empress of France. Her hand had been asked in marriage for Napoleon III., and court intrigues alone prevented her from being advised to accept the offer.

Books and Periodicals.

COMPARATIVE NEW TESTAMENT. We have just received from Porter & Coates a copy of the *Comparative Edition of the New Testament* which will certainly meet with great favor. The Old and New Versions are printed on the same page, and the work is marked by the following additions and improvements: 1. Chapter headings in Roman numerals. 2. Running Head-lines as in the Old Version. 3. Chronology of the New Testament. 4. The Readings preferred by the American Committee, which were adopted by the Committee on Revision, are incorporated in the text. Those which were rejected are collectively in the Appendix, and for convenience of reference are also inserted as foot-notes to the respective passages. 5. A History of the Revision and an Account of the Methods followed by the Committee on Revision. 6. The text can be relied upon as absolutely correct. The volume is very neat and the type clear—a great matter for the critical student.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of the *Living Age* for March 31st and April 8th contain Sir Charles Lyell, Quarterly; Monkeys, and The Vistas of the Past in the Moon and the Earth, Contemporary; Miss Ferrier's Novels, and the Yellowstone Geysers, Nineteenth Century; How Gilbert Sherrard Fared in the Flood, and The Poetry of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Fraser's; Destruction of Egyptian Monuments, Blackwood; Jane Austin, Temple Bar; March in the Country, Saturday Review; On the Whale Fishery of the Basque Provinces of Spain, and American Ants, Nature; A Famous Quaker School, All the Year Round; with instalments of "The Freres" and "Robin," and the usual amount of poetry.

A new volume begins with the number for April 8th.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each, (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4 monthlies or weeklies with the *Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Married.

In Mifflinburg, Pa., March 9th, 1882, by Rev. A. C. Whitmer, Milton M. Royer to Miss Annie M. Carstetter.

In Mifflinburg, Pa., March 26th, 1882, by the same, Harry Mitchell to Miss Jenetta V. Yarger.

March 20th, at Coplay, by the Rev. Samuel A. Leinbach, Rev. A. M. Massenheimer, Reformed pastor at Weatherly, to Miss Kate Ritter, of Egypt, Lehigh county, Pa.

Near Elderton, Pa., March 9th, 1882, by Rev. A. K. Kline, John Neas, Carrick, Allegheny county, Pa., to Miss Susan Keefer, Elderton, Pa.

At the residence of Solomon Penrod, by the same, B. W. Miller, Advance, Indiana county, Pa., to Miss M. Adellia Penrod, Elderton, Pa.

Obituaries.

IN MEMORIAM.

Elder Charles Levan.

The subject of this sketch was a son of John Levan. He was born on the 5th of August, 1808, in Maxatawny twp., Berks county, Pa. In the same year he was baptized by pastor Lehrman, Evangelical Lutheran minister at Kutztown. On the 2d of April, 1826, he was confirmed by Rev. C. G. Herman, and received into membership with the Reformed congregation at Kutztown, Pa. On the 23d of April, 1833, he was married by Rev. Augustus Herman, to Magdalena Schmell, of Alsace township, Berks county, Pa. Elder Levan took an active interest in all the movements and operations of the church of Christ in general, and of the Reformed church in particular. He was a regular reader of the *Hausfreund*. During the last forty years of his life he was engaged in Sunday-school work. He helped to organize Sunday-schools at a time when many people were, from pure but partially mistaken motives, opposed to them. For forty-five years he was superintendent of the Sunday-school at Pricetown, Pa., and at the time of his death he was an elder in the Reformed congregation at Pricetown, and a teacher in the Sunday-school. He was regular in his attendance on the services of the sanctuary, and always contributed liberally towards local and benevolent objects. He bequeathed one thousand dollars to the Pricetown church, to be used for congregational purposes as occasion may require. Elder Levan was a remarkably successful business man. He commenced poor but by industry, frugality and strict honesty, he amassed a handsome fortune. He possessed a sanguine temperament and made a favorable and lasting impression on all with whom he came in contact. Although seventy-three years old at the time of his death, it seems to us as if a young man had been taken from our midst. How we miss his familiar face, his kind benevolent look. His place in the Sunday-school cannot well be filled. He was sick only a short time of malarial fever. He fell peacefully and sweetly asleep in Jesus on the 26th of October, 1881, at 12 o'clock noon, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. His funeral was the largest that ever took place at Pricetown. The services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. D. E. Schoedler, Dr. C. F. McCauley and Rev. G. F. Spieker, the Lutheran minister at Pricetown. He had chosen his own funeral text: Acts 2:28.

His death is a severe blow to his family, to the Pricetown congregation and to the whole neighborhood. He was kind and helpful to all. If any one was in distress, pecuniarily or otherwise, and stated his case to elder Levan, he was sure to find a friend in him. "Though dead, he yet speaketh,"—speaketh through his Christian life and example, through his many deeds of charity and through the bequest to the congregation in which he served his Master so long and well. D. E. S.

DIED.—In Jefferson, Md., on the 12th of March, 1882, Mrs Annie M., consort of Daniel S. Remsberg, aged 33 years, 5 months and 2 days.

From early childhood Mrs. Remsberg was a member of the Reformed congregation at Jefferson, Md., first as a lamb of the flock by baptism, and subsequently, after a due course of instruction in the catechism under pastor Colliflower, she was admitted into the full communion of the church by confirmation.

She was an earnest, conscientious Christian, ever adorning her profession by an humble, godly life. For many years she served the congregation, of which she was an honored member, as organist. In the Sunday-school she was an active and efficient worker. As a teacher she realized the responsibility resting upon her and endeavored to discharge her duty, not in a perfunctory manner, but as one accountable to God for the solemn trust committed to her.

The last three years of her life were spent near Rockville, Montgomery county, Md. Though removed some thirty miles from Jefferson, she still retained her membership at Jefferson, in the church of her childhood and youth. She often spoke of it as being a very great privation to her not to be able, as in former days, to attend her church regularly. Two weeks before her death her pastor visited her and administered to her the most comfortable sacrament of the body and blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ. Her naturally frail body was then rapidly giving way to the disease of consumption. But she was fully aware of her condition, and it gave her no alarm. She was resigned to God's will, looking and waiting for His salvation, either in her restoration to health or in her translation to the joys of heaven. She had an earnest desire to be brought back to the place of her childhood and youth; in this she was gratified by her husband and friends.

On the 10th of March she was brought to Jefferson and taken to the residence of her uncle, Dr. G. W. Crum. She was most highly delighted in reaching her old home. But she had only come back to die. All that her kind uncle and many friends could do for her was done; but nothing could stop the onward march of disease to the seat of life. Two days after she reached home, her weary spirit entered into rest. She now rests, as only a saint can rest, calm on the bosom of her God. She is at home in our "Father's house of many mansions," enjoying eternal rest.

"There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are giv'n." N. H. S.

DIED.—At Tiffin, O, March 10th, 1882, Florence Malvina, daughter of Edward R. and Malvina C. Good, aged 7 months and 18 days.

DIED.—In Hilltown, Bucks county, on the 24th of March, Mrs. Henry W. Leidy, aged 39 years, 1 month and 24 days.

This sister was once the very impersonation of health and vigor and known as one of the noblest young women of the community—a happy life companion to her devoted husband. About 11 years ago she was seized with a peculiar disease which gradually wrecked her physical constitution and beclouded her mind. Many a tear of pity was shed and humble prayer offered for her. Surely, God's ways are not our ways. Yet, as from the depth of this sad wreck of body and mind, there shone a clear and comforting ray of light,—it was a poor, burdened heart clinging to the cross,—the eye of Faith looking beyond for rest and peace. Rest now in peace. D.

DIED.—Near Shady Grove, Franklin county, Pa., on the 8th of March, 1882, S. Howard Carbaugh, aged 20 years, 5 months and 20 days.

Our departed young friend and brother was consecrated to the Lord in holy baptism in early infancy, but, after the manner of too many of the baptized youth of the church, neglected to claim the blessings of salvation, given along with his Christian birthright until the heavy hand of affliction was laid upon him. This was one of the special features in his case dwelt upon by the writer on the occasion of his funeral, and it is to be hoped that what was then said will be the means of moving others who, though baptized, have never felt it to be their duty to give themselves personally to the Saviour, to prepare themselves for confirmation much earlier in their self-conscious life than is now the practice. He could not die happily without being confirmed and receiving the Holy Communion.

In our conversation with this otherwise excellent young man, in the earlier weeks of his sickness, we discovered that one of his reasons for not having become a communicant member of the church sooner was the inconsistent daily life of professing Christians around him. This, however, he came to feel to be a vain excuse, with the near prospect of death before him. "Every one of us shall give an account of himself to God."

He was an exemplary young man, kind and obliging in his disposition, having inherited many of the beautiful traits of his sainted father's character. But, though possessing much of the morality of religion already, he found no peace of mind until by repentance and faith he surrendered himself to his faithful Saviour, Jesus Christ, and the Lord became his righteousness. He had been diligently engaged for several years in preparing himself for the profession of teaching, and would no doubt have succeeded admirably in his chosen life-work. But education also could not save him. Not the development of faculties and powers already inherent in man's mind, but for reasons and by powers outside of himself, is he made a new creature in Christ. This he likewise felt, and heartily and unreservedly gave himself to Jesus and at last fell peacefully asleep in Him. F. F. B.

DIED.—At Selinsgrove, Feb. 17th, 1882, Annie Celestia Wagenseller, daughter of W. J. and Rebecca Wagenseller, aged 5 years, 8 months and 7 days. The disease which snapped the vital chord, came in upon this child with such stealth that scarcely any alarming symptoms were visible before the day of her death. How it makes the heart swell and the head swim with bewilderment when so suddenly awakened to the presence of death in the family! Annie was the youngest of the children that death had spared these parents who well know what it is to weep over departed dear ones. Her place on the parental knee was still open and though increasing in years and stature she continued to like there to nestle where she also sweetened the rest of her busy parents when they sat down. But now she has found another embrace. The kind Shepherd of the lambs has gathered her with His arm and carried her in His bosom.

Annie was a bright and regular member of the infant department of our Sunday-school at Selinsgrove. It gave her pain when she could not attend and she was always the most urgent to go when Sunday morning came. The part she always took in the singing and prayers was ever an illustration of our Lord's declaration: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." Much of the precious truth that was sought to be imparted, she carried home with her in her heart and mind. So greatly were her fellow-Sunday-school scholars attached to her that the infant department would have taken part in her funeral rites in a body had the contagious character of her disease not made it unadvisable. How often those she left behind at home will dream she was only gone to a friend and will soon come back again. Vain though sweet delusion! She will never come back to them but they may go to her. She was a fair, but oh how fleeting a comfort. Now she rests above from where the great Lord and Friend of children calls to you: "Weep not; she is not dead but sleepeth." W. A. H.

DIED.—At Freeburg, March 12th, 1882, Henry Keehler Arnold, son of B. F. and Mary A. Arnold, aged 16 years, 8 months and 19 days.

This young brother was sick over 8 weeks with slow, wasting typhoid fever. From the day he sought rest for his fevered brow in bed his parents were never both absent from his side. Henry was the first-born, and he ever faithfully met the offices of a true son. He had come to be quite a dependence at home in the almost continual absence of the father, and his ever-ready, busy hand will be missed on every side. No expense or pains were weighed in seeking his moral, intellectual and religious training and development. As a result he did honor to himself and family by the attainments he won in his studies and music, and by his unblamable life since his riper years of discretion.

The death of this young brother leaves another vacant seat in our catechetical class. These vacant seats are side by side. He and the young brother who had gone shortly before him were bosom companions. They also sat side by side in the Sunday-school class and often in the choir. A little while and they did not see each other, and now again a little while and they see each other. As a catechumen, none could prepare his answers better or give more earnest heed to the things that were pressed upon the heart and mind. Only a week before his death he inquired what the lesson for the next lecture would be, vainly dreaming he might be present. To be able to come back again into the class seemed to be the strong passion of his heart. The funeral of our lamented young brother, was the largest held for a long time in the church at Freeburg. The Silver Cornet Band of which the departed was a member since he was eleven years of age, followed his bier to the grave with instruments draped in the emblems of sorrow, and played solemn funeral dirges His parents followed him with crushed hearts to his rest. They had reason to hope much of him had he lived. If the morning is a true prophecy of what the day will be, he would have become one of those indispensable church members and citizens who are always alive in every good cause in the congregation and the community. He was kind, strong in his attachments, friendly to children, and very considerate of the feelings and good name of others. Little Frankie and Emma, too, will find their life's pathway made lonely by his death. W. A. H.

DIED.—In Carlisle, Pa., March 25th, 1882, Mrs. Rebecca Wetzel, wife of the late Elder Samuel Wetzel, and mother-in-law of Rev. A. S. Leinbach, in the 78th year of her age.

The deceased was for more than half a century a member of the Reformed Church, Carlisle, adorning her Christian profession with a uniformly consistent life. Her family relations as wife and mother were truly beautiful, and her social virtues endeared her to all who knew her. Her love for the Lord's house seemed to be the ruling spring of her life. Even during her last few years when greatly enfeebled by age neither the heat of summer or the cold of winter detained her from its sacred portals. Only twelve days before her going hence she was in her wonted seat in the sanctuary. It was the writer's privilege to sustain to her the relation of pastor for a period of twenty years, a period replete with precious memories—loving and tender sympathies in his responsible labors, and which he shall bear with fond recollection through life. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." ***

DIED.—In Strasburg, Lancaster county, Pa., March 23d, 1882, Elder Henry Hersh, aged 73 years, 8 months and 23 days.

Mr. Hersh was born June 30th, 1808, and was baptized in infancy. He had the benefit of a Christian training. At the proper age he was admitted to full membership in the Reformed church at New Providence. This act was entirely voluntary on his part, no persuasion having been necessary, but as expressed by one of his life-long friends, "he was very anxious to become a member of the church."

He married Miss Elizabeth Barr, of Quarryville, January 27th, 1831, and on January 27th, 1881, they celebrated their golden wedding, on which occasion their pastor and a number of friends met at their house to congratulate them on this important event. Through all these years they lived a devoted and happy life to each other. They never had any children.

Mr. Hersh was a weaver by trade, and it is said he had few equals in this branch of industry. He was a coverlet, cloth and carpet weaver. In 1851 when the Lancaster county jail was completed as an industrial institution, Mr. Hersh was appointed boss weaver, which position he he held for five years when declining health induced him to resign his position. While he resided in Lancaster, a period of 14 years, he held his membership in the 1st Reformed church. There he held the office of Trustee for two years and that of Elder for 4 years.

Mr. Hersh led a devoted and consistent Christian life, and he was at every point a faithful member of the church. His loss is deeply felt both by the church and the community in which he resided. He was a very kind-hearted man, always of a cheerful disposition, and had a good word for every one. His health was fast declining for the last year, but it was only two weeks before his death that he took his bed. He calmly and peacefully fell asleep on March 23d, and was buried on the 26th at New Providence Reformed church, where his pastor preached the funeral sermon based on the words "These all died in faith." The funeral was largely attended, every seat in the church being filled. "But we sorrow not even as others which have no hope. D. B. S.

DIED.—On the 25th of March, 1882, near Rocky Ridge, Frederick county, Md., George Lowe Barrick, aged 27 years, 10 months and 26 days.

This young brother was born and instructed and confirmed as a member of the Reformed church. He was connected with the Mt. Tabor congregation at the Ridge near his home, and was one of its first catechumens. He was esteemed as a good and exemplary young man and a faithful disciple of the Lord. His funeral services were attended by a large congregation of sympathizing friends who devoutly buried him in the comforting hope of the Scripture—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." H. W.

Acknowledgments.

WEST SUSQUEHANNA CLASSIS.

The following monies have been paid into the treasury of this Classis since the close of the last annual report May 4th, 1881, to April 1st, 1882. Some of this money came from the Sunday-schools, but we will here credit it to the charges to which the contributing Sunday-schools belong.

CHARGES	PASTORS	AMOUNT
Boalsburg	Rev W H Groh	$ 165 00
White Deer	" W W Clouser	88 00
Selinsgrove	" W A Haas	124 16
Rebersburg	" W M Landis	205 05
Mifflinburg	" A C Whitmer	188 07
Nittany Valley	" Geo P Hartzell	151 97
Centre Hall	" S M Roeder	117 43
New Berlin	" S S Kohler	54 75
Lewisburg	" R L Gerhart	182 10
Aaronsburg	" C W E Siegel	61 00
Bellefonte	" J F Delong	40 00
Beaver Springs	" D C Edmunds	88 95
Lock Haven	" I S Stahr	3 00
	" D M Woff	2 00
	Samuel Kryder	10 00

W. A. HAAS, Treas.

BETHANY ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF, PA.

From Rev J P Stein Potterville, box of books from private library, 12 00. Ref ch Washington D. C., box of clothing no est.

From J W Fly Bridgetown Bucks Co Pa, 2.00, Heidelburg ch Philadelphia, Rev J I Good 24.33, Mrs Elias Fenstermacher Allentown Pa 5.00 Orphan's Box of Friedens Ref ch, Rev D E Schoedler 3.21 The Mite Soc of 1st Ref ch, Reading bundle of clothing, Rev H Mosser, 25.00

FOR BUILDING FUND.

Mis Soc Trinity Ref cong Tamaqua, Rev J J Fisher, 40 00, Edmonds' cong Moore twp ch, Rev J E Smith, 5 23, St Clairsville chg, Rev R J Mosser, 19 11, David's ch Mahanoy chg Greenbrier Pa, Rev A K Hottenstein, 5 50, Himmel's do, 15 50, St Jacob's do, 15 00, St John's do, 19 00, St Paul's do, 8 00, St Peter's do, 20 00, Salem do. 17 50, Rev A K Hottenstein family do, 5 00, Trinity Ref ch Pottstown Pa, Rev L K Evans, 100 00. J W Fly Bridgetown Bucks county Pa, 5.00.

D. B. ALBRIGHT, Supt.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. J. H. SECHLER,
Rev. D. B. LADY,
Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1882.

If any one after a severe and special self-examination has found out his weaknesses, it should set him to guard more than ever against his besetting sins. It is the worst kind of folly to cover up the danger or think it is removed when it is only forgotten. If Lenten thoughts do not affect our lives after Easter,—if we think we can drop back to indulgence and excess until another penitential season comes, we have very poor conceptions of what sorrow at the cross of Christ means, and our last state may be worse than the first. A resurrection from the death of sin and unto the newness of life gives the only hope we can have in the resurrection of the last day.

The people of Ohio have again been greatly exercised on the temperance question, and have clearly shown that they can control the State elections if they make it an issue.

We feel perfectly sure that the only cure for the evils of intemperance is the grace of God. The lusts of the flesh cannot be overcome but by the supernatural help of the Holy Spirit, and that after all should be our main reliance. There must be a nearer redemption than that effected by the removal of opportunities to do evil. We have known men to come out of prisons after years of incarceration and go right back to their cups. Their appetites and desires were not conquered.

Still if we had our way we would make some sweeping law that would remove opportunities and temptations to indulgence. It is a legitimate subject for legislation, and although laws hitherto passed may have been imperfect, they have on the whole been beneficial to individuals and communities in which they have prevailed, even for a single year.

Outlawry in Missouri seems to have been brought to a halt by the killing of Jesse James, the leader of a gang who have kept the State in turmoil for years by their murders and robberies. The man has killed so many people and destroyed so much property that he became a terror to every one, and it seemed necessary to put him under the mediæval ban, by offering a reward for his head. The Governor however, denies that he was accessory to the killing of James, although the necessity of the case demanded extreme measures. It was an instance in which the safety of the people became the supreme law, yet it is a sad confession that a sovereign state could not vindicate itself against a single violent man by any ordinary process of justice.

Strikes are the order of the day all over the land. The contest does not now seem to be more between labor and capital than between labor and labor. The strikers who feel free to decline to work for certain wages will not allow others to take their places at lower rates than they themselves demand. Violence and suffering are the result and that without solving the problem.

President Arthur has sent the Anti-Chinese bill back to Congress without his signature. Among the reasons given for the veto is that the bill if it became a law would violate the terms of the late treaty with China, and because a shorter term for the exclusion of Chinese labor would answer the purpose better. The President is credited with having risen above the consideration of the political effect of his act in order to put the matter on higher moral grounds.

The Methodists are discussing the subject of an "Order of Worship" in the same good spirit that prevails among the Presbyterians. Those holding different views on the subject do not impugn one another's piety or orthodoxy, much less call one another by opprobrious names. They will be apt to allow freedom, as heretofore. Dr. O. H. Tiffany who does not seem to favor the movement personally because, he thinks, the rigid use of forms has not been much advantage to Wesleyans of England, yet says: "As a matter of fact, there would be no breach of the Discipline if a Methodist pastor should introduce a liturgy, even that of the Episcopal Church, into his service. So long as he adhered to the specifications of singing and prayer before and after the regular sermon he would be conforming to all the requirements of the General Conference."

OLD AND YOUNG.

It is always sad to see the old and young dissociated from each other, especially in home life. Sometimes parents and children have no common joys, and meet only in a formal restricted way, even at the family board. The old take no interest in the young, and the young feel under restraint and are anxious to get away from the old. Even the pleasures enjoyed under the roof-tree, are in separate apartments—those who are advanced in life retiring to get away from the "annoyances," and the youngsters counting it morally certain that there can be no fun until the old folks are in bed. Outsiders more equally mated in years are preferred as associates to those who may be bound together by the ties of flesh and blood, and the young especially often find their greatest enjoyments in houses of mere acquaintances, or in public halls, or on the streets.

As a rule, this is demoralizing to the young. It is a sad thing when a growing girl feels impelled to turn away from her mother in seeking a confidant, or when a boy has no encouragement to talk freely to his father; and this is all the worse when the subject that engrosses the young mind and heart is of such a nature that there is a disposition to hide it from the parent.

But this dissociation adds to the desolations of age. Many a parent is lonely with his house full of children and children's children. It is said to be a sign of decay when a man loses interest in the present and lives only in the past. His friends are gone and he feeds on memories of earlier years, which are fresher to him than the things of yesterday. Generations pass away as it were in blocks or sections, without being linked on to those who are coming after them. The father divides his estate and creeps to his grave like old King Lear, disgusted with the world and disappointed in his children—perhaps because he was never near enough to them to understand them, and desolate must he be indeed, unless his faith lays hold of something more satisfactory in the future.

These difficulties would be largely obviated if homes were made more attractive and the joys of old and young were put in nearer accord. Especially should *Christian* joys enter into all the relations of home life.

COLLEGE HAZING.

College hazing will defeat itself by its own excesses, if in no other way. These will act like the patent hinged spurs the man put on his rooster to keep it walking until it got out of the garden without scratching a bit. Recently, at Trinity, Hartford, a company of grave seniors, as members of a "Grand Tribunal," caught some sophomores, whisked them off in carriages at night, to Cedar Hill Cemetery, and branded them on the back of their hands with caustic, for some folly which should have been corrected by the faculty.

These things often assume a cruel phase, and no heroism is imparted to them by the fact that the "Grand Tribunal" appointed to keep members of lower classes in order, was organized twenty-five years ago. No traditions will keep barbarism alive in these days. Public sentiment will not glorify the big boy who tries to subdue the little one by brutal force.

What a feeling of exultation those seniors must feel at seeing their names and residences in the public prints! And what admiration they will excite when they give an account of their exploits to a sweetheart some moonlight night! Imagine one of them saying, as he twists his mustache, or swings his cane, "You see there were thirteen of us and only three of them; we decoyed them," &c.

Fortunately, for good order, candidates for a liberal education are beginning to find out that being a member of a chartered institution does not exempt them from the civil laws that prevail in communities in which such institution may be located. The prompt action of the State attorney at Princeton lately, taught some young bloods that they could not break windows and commit other outrages with impunity, because they were members of the college and might succeed in dodging professors.

Mr. Binkley sends encouraging reports of his work in Schuylkill county. In the Minersville charge, of which Rev. D. Christman is pastor, he obtained thirty-one subscribers for the MESSENGER and eighteen for the *Hausfreund*. In the Deep Creek charge, of which Rev. C. Baum is pastor, he obtained seventeen for the MESSENGER and twenty-five for the *Hausfreund*. That is doing very well.

HE WASHED THEIR FEET.

This was one of the most important and significant acts of our Lord during Holy Week. The time, circumstances and incidents of the act form a gospel unique and original.

It was a work of love, dressed in its own peculiar habit, humility. It was not merely symbolical. If only that, it could have been performed without anyone being scandalized by it. As such it would be no proof of love, or its kindred affections, in the performer. Schismatics and heretics have indeed, with great show of sanctity, formalized the feet-washing of our Saviour into a church ordinance; but they have also in this way stript it of its beautiful garment—or robbed it of its essence—humility, their assertions to the contrary being of no weight. The Roman Church also, though not regarding it as a sacrament (as that would be one more than the sacred number), has made feet-washing one of its ceremonies, to be performed by high dignitaries on poor strangers, or pilgrims, for dramatic effect, thus, like the others mentioned, robbing it of its true character. On the contrary, our Lord's conduct on this solemn occasion was free from mere formality. He did simply what ordinarily would have been done by a servant. No servant being present, some one of the company feeling himself to be the least, might be expected to do the work. The social law or custom required it to be done; yet no one rises to do it. No one wishes to be considered the least or most insignificant. It is the lowest of all forms of service, and what honorable apostle can stoop down to the lowest occupation? It is not to be thought of. This ablution must be omitted, for once, important as it is. There is no servant here to attend to it. Ah! yes, there is; the Lord of heaven and earth is there, and *He* is not ashamed to perform the humblest act; He who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. In order to elevate and sanctify every class and condition, from the king on his throne down to the servant at the foot-bath, He Himself, so recently proclaimed king by the popular voice, descends in servant form to do the part of a servant, taking on Himself thus the curse of worldly society, bringing down upon His head the fulminations of haughtiness and pride, yet throwing back from that most humble and most unobserved precinct in all Judaism over all classes and conditions, and over every honest occupation and profession, the molding influence of a universal charity.

From the social scandal of performing such menial service, the very lowest, there is but a step to the universal scandal of the cross. The one is the prelude to the other. From the foot-bath to the cross is the way of all who have part and lot with Christ. We must obey our Lord in this as in everything else. Not literally, or in identical form, as customs and manners have changed, but really and truly, because principles remain always the same. By carrying out the same spirit, not in a mode that belongs to a remote age and foreign civilization, but in the modes of our own time and country; not as a public religious rite or ceremony, but as an every-day act of humility and love.

How the Lord of all puts to shame our wretched pride! We talk about society, station, social influence, money, with all the air and eagerness of worldlings, and as if the gospel of our Master's washing the disciples' feet was not in existence. When shall men learn that the proud shall be brought to shame and the humble raised to dignity and honor, and that humility is itself honor? K.

THE RESURRECTION.

Christ was easily and infinitely superior to His moral surroundings. All men, since the transgression, are fallen creatures. He partook of the consequences, but not of the contamination of the Fall. The children of Adam are sinners, wicked and polluted. He was "holy, guileless, undefiled, separate from sinners." The motives which mainly control men, had no influence upon Him. Sin had never entered His nature. He was wholly free from its power. His will had never been perverted. There was in Him no aversion to God and to that which is good and right. His life moved forward freely in the elements of purity and truth. He was in perfect harmony with the moral atmosphere which distinguishes the Word of God, and which will characterize the earth when God's kingdom has once fully come and His will is done here as it is in heaven.

So vastly above the moral limitations which confine men in their unregenerate condition as Christ was, is it any wonder that death could not hold Him? Man's moral state is a moral and spiritual death. The springs of his life have been sapped. The fountain has been poisoned. And his final sinking into the grave and into eternal tortures, is only a question of time. "The wages of sin is death." In Christ, however, all the fountains of spiritual and moral life were healthy. It was His delight to do the Father's will. Love controlled His actions. How pure, and noble, and strong His character, from beginning to end. It is like a breath of the air of heaven in the pestilence-laden atmosphere of earth. It was impossible that such an one should be holden of death. There was not a single point in His inner life where the enemy had the least prospect of maintaining a foothold. Though the fiery darts of the devil were all hurled upon Him, His armor was proof—in the temptation, first of all; in the grave, and in Hades, next, and as a necessary consequence.

If we would attain to the resurrection of the dead, we must experience a moral resurrection, during the time of our earthly probation. And yet people will persist in foolishly asking, do you believe in experimental religion? Such a moral resurrection was no part of Christ's experience. He was never dead in trespasses and in sins. He always was, morally and spiritually, the Prince of life. We, however, have descended into the depths of moral and spiritual death. And unless we rise to newness of moral and spiritual life, all our hopes of sharing in the resurrection of the just will end in the darkness and despair of the bottomless pit. This resurrection, in which we attain to the likeness of Christ, is what we are to seek for. "Wherefore He saith, awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." This once gained, the other will follow. The inner state is of prime importance. The outer will come to correspond with it eventually. L.

URSINUS COLLEGE.

The Zwinglian Literary Society of Ursinus College, celebrated its twelfth anniversary in the College-chapel, at Freeland, Pa., on Thursday evening, March 20, 1882. The society was favored with a most beautiful night, and with a large and appreciative audience. No larger audience was ever gathered together before in the chapel on similar occasions. The committee of arrangements had been at great pains to decorate the chapel for the occasion. The very tasteful display of evergreens and flowers fully rewarded them for all their labor. Central among the decorations hung a large portrait of the late President, James A. Garfield. Music was furnished by a quartette, known by the title "Perkiomen Quartette," and consisting of persons from Schwenksville, Phœnixville, and Norristown. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. L. D. Stambaugh, of Uwchlan, Chester county, Pa., a graduate of Ursinus. The programme as laid down, was then carried out without a falter or a break.

First was the salutatory, subject, "The Sunshine of Life," by Foster Frutchey, of Johnsonville, Pa., of the class of 1885. After an address to the audience, the Schaff Literary Society, and the Faculty, he addressed himself to his subject. A brief outline is in substance, as follows:—Man is constituted by the Creator to be cheerful. Cheerfulness is a Divine gift, and man naturally strives to develop it. Sunshine gives cheerful coloring to all life. The cause for lack of sunshine is generally in man himself. It arises not so much from outward circumstances, as from the inward principle of pride. Life's true sunshine is found only in Christ. Next was an oration, subject, "Elements of Success," by James W. Meminger, of Ickesburg, Pa., of the class of 1884. One element of success is intelligence; another element is good morals, the knowledge of which is derived from the Bible. Where moral character is wanting, intelligence tends to bad ends. Third on the programme was an oration, subject, "A Mother's Influence," by John A. Keiper, of Elizabethville, Pa., of the class of 1884. Influence is moral sculpture. The mother is the rallying-point of the heart. Where the mother is, there is home. Loving warmth proceeds to us from her, when the world treats us coldly. The mother's influence is felt in all classes of mankind. Infant humanity in her hands and under her influence is like potter's clay, pliable and may be moulded. But once moulded it can never be remoulded, but may be broken.

This oration was followed by another, having for its subject, "True Pleasure." Benjamin F. Davis, of Pickering, Pa., of the class of 1883, was the speaker. All man does and endures is that he may be happy. Nor does man seek in vain. The Omniscient and Benevolent Creator has made all things conducive to this end. Illustrations from the different stages in life were given in proof. Persons are happy in every condition and period of life. Happiness is so related in kind as to be suited to every period of life. There is a false happiness, as well as a true. Illustrations of the false and true were here advanced. Trust in God gives true happiness. He who enjoys happiness, forgets self, spends not his time and strength in seeking happiness. Studying how to be happy, brings no happiness. The happy man is the faithful laborer in any calling. No person is always happy. Sin makes perennial happiness impossible. The source of true happiness is He from whom all blessings flow. There are many who drink from the fountain's stream, which, however, by admixture has become alloyed. Better, therefore, to drink direct from the fountain, Christ.

Next followed the eulogy, by William Ira Kline, of Myerstown, Pa., of the class of 1882. The speaker had selected the worthy subject, "James Abram Garfield." A synopsis of this admirable production would by no means do it nor the speaker justice. By which we do not mean to say that the other synopses do the several speakers justice. We content ourselves with culling one from among the many fertile sentences—"Study his ancestry and his individuality, and you know Garfield."

The Zwinglian Oration was delivered by Louis E. Taubel, of Philadelphia, Pa., of the class of 1882, who had selected as the subject of his oration, "Intelligence a Nation's Power." Intelligence is a fruitful source of a nation's strength. Such is the teaching of history. Intelligence is essential in every condition of life, because man must not remain stationary in course, but advance. Greatest strength of the nation lies not in physical attainments, but in Christian morality. The success of the nation lies not in material wealth, but in the moral worth of the individual. Knowledge becomes a tower of strength, combined with Christianity. Intelligence has its abuse. It is a dangerous possession with those imbued with infidelity. Simple intelligence does not always lead to the adoption of the healthiest rules.

After some remarks by President Bomberger, and the announcement that spring term will open April 10, and opening address be delivered by Dr. Super, vice-president of the College, on Tuesday, April 11, the audience was dismissed with the apostolic benediction. Ursinus feels encouraged. The present collegiate year has been a sucessful one, both in number of students and interest manifested. The number of applications for admission at the spring term gives fair promise of still brighter prospects in the future. S.

Communications.

DEPARTMENT OF HOME MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

Missionary Collections.

Our Church is in the midst of special effort. The need for extended liberality is evidently dawning upon it. Something more than has been must be done. The supplying of congregations with pastors; the feeding of the favored with spiritual bounties; the holding together of what we have, and growing with the increase of our families, is insufficient. The business is too grave and far-reaching for that. Thousands are going down all around us. Millions are sinking away in the space of an ordinary life. In our land—as out in heathendom—great battalions of men, women and children are evanishing. Oh, what priceless souls are yet neglected and lost! To such the Reformed Church is sent. Do we only feed the children? Then we are condemned. God's blessing cannot remain, and prosperity will scorn us. The command is, "Go!"

"Now, how shall we go? Only a few are ministers! We are an army who cannot preach!" Such is the general comment. Men habitually presume that "Go!" applies only to the few—to teachers. What folly! "Go!" is to everybody; even to our children. "Go," in prayers. But, practice, betimes what you pray. Supplication is good and necessary. It must be supplemented with

something else. "Go," in liberal collections. "Go," with your money. "Go," frequently and generously—not grudgingly. No keeping of means simply within ourselves. No limiting of interest and help to our own households and congregations. "Go"—"Go"—"Go!" This word ought to ring to-day, like a silver bell, in every Christian heart.

Let us have missionary collections—frequent ones—large ones! The brethren should not shrink from so solemn responsibility. It may be well to consider, at times, the views of trustees and consistory men. But they need training, too. Go to them boldly for the Church, and for Christ, and you will become a fragrance with both.

The caution and honesty of Germans and Hollanders is commendable. Their slowness, however, has kept our Zion in a condition of semi-paralysis. Illiberality is uniformly excuseless. It robs industry and economy of whatever of virtue they possess. People want more *instruction* in missionary matters and duties. They should have more *practice* in giving. Up, then, with missionary collections—and *big ones!* J. SAML. V.

Items of Intelligence.

The Missionary Society of the First Reformed Sunday-school of Philadelphia, pastor, Dr. Van Horne, celebrated its first anniversary on Wednesday evening, February 16th, at which there was a large attendance of members and friends. The President stated that the number of members was 120, and the contributions during the past year $103, all of which had been distributed among different objects of benevolence, but mostly to missions proper. A feature of the evening was a missionary exercise given by five of the scholars, representing respectively a Chinese, a Japanese, a Hindoo, an Indian and an Esquimaux, dressed in the costume of the different classes of people they represented. Each made a plea for more missionaries. A hymn in Japanese was sung by Miss Nellie Amerman, whose parents are missionaries in Japan under the auspices of the Reformed Church in America (Dutch). An idol from a Buddhist temple was exhibited and explained by the pastor.

During the month of January a missionary conference was held at Berlin, Somerset county, from the 24th to the 26th inclusive. All or nearly all the Reformed pastors of the county attended. Weighty and important subjects were discussed, such as the Incarnation, its significance to man, its connection with Christian life and personal consecration, the worship of believers, Christian activity in the Church, and the cause of missions. This was treating the subject of missions in the style of true German Christianity. The second anniversary of the William Conrad Missionary Society was held during the conference, in connection with which the people gave a practical demonstration that works and words go together hand in hand. This is the pioneer society of Somerset county, is exerting a salutary influence, and has thus far always been able to respond to calls for missionary help.

The appeal of Rev. Joseph Hannabery for aid to assist in furnishing the mission church at Ridgely, Md., has not been altogether in vain. The congregation is now enabled to worship in their own house with increased audiences, although the seats are composed only of rough boards laid across joists for their support. But the church is not yet plastered, painted nor furnished, and there are no funds in hand to prosecute the work any further for the present. The missionary hopes that some of the gifts during Lent will be made to assist his people in completing their new house of worship. As he is planting our Church in new territory, he very properly thinks that he ought not to bear *all* the burdens alone.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

Rev. A. R. Bartholomew has resigned the Swatara charge, Lebanon County, and accepted a call to Trinity Reformed Church, at Pottsville, Pa., at which last place correspondents will address him.

The Reformed and Lutheran congregations at Klopp's, Lebanon Co., Pa., have determined shortly to erect a new church of brick. The Reformed congregation is connected with the Tulpehocken charge, of which Rev. Dr. C. H. Leinbach, is pastor.

The Reformed congregation at Cressona, Schuylkill Co., Pa., will also shortly erect a church. Hitherto the congregation has had no church-building of its own, but has conducted divine services in a church rented for the purpose. It comprises about fifty families. What perhaps is best of all, the congregation intends, in the future, to have its own pastors. We hope it may succeed.

St. John's Church at Sinking Springs, Berks Co., Pa., was originally distinctively Reformed, and stands on ground deeded to the Reformed by one of the members. In 1812 the Lutherans were allowed the privilege to make use of the church, which is the custom yet to day. Through this arrangement, the impression has gone forth, as is so often the case, that the Church is a Union Church. The Church is now in need of repairs, and meanwhile, efforts will be made definitely to ascertain what rights each congregation has. Each congregation has appointed six members who shall investigate the matter and determine the several congregational rights. We hope that all concerned may succeed in unraveling the question in a friendly way, which, however, under similar circumstances, frequently does not occur. The foregoing situation of affairs, is another fruit of Union-churchism, for which at present, there exists no necessity.

On Saturday, March 25th, Rev. A. S. Leinbach confirmed nineteen persons in the church, at Elsass, Pa., near Reading, and on the following Sunday administered the Lord's Supper in the same church. A large congregation was present at the services.

In Emaus, Pa., six miles west of Allentown, during the last four or five years, the Reformed and Lutherans have regularly been holding divine services in the "Herrnhuter" church. Permission was granted for this purpose, until the congregations should be strong enough to build churches for themselves. It is now proposed to proceed with building. But alas, the two congregations want to build a Union-church. This seems to be a wrong step, especially in a flourishing town like Emaus. The Synods of both denominations have disapproved of the building of union-churches, but the people seem to regard the matter otherwise. It would be much better if each congregation were satisfied a while with a chapel, until it is strong enough to build a church of its own. The time for union churches in towns has passed away.

The church at Schlichter's, Bucks Co., Pa., the corner-stone of which was laid last Whitsuntide, is now completed. Such, however, was the condition of the building for some time before completion, that since last autumn services were regularly held in it. This church is built after a new style. It has neither basement nor gallery, and yet there is a fine space for organ and choir, as also an extra room for Sunday-school and catechetical purposes. A high tower overlooks it. No bell peals forth from it as yet, but it is hoped that the tones of one will call the worshippers together to the harvest festival. The walls and ceiling are beautifully ornamented with fresco-painting. Thus the inside as well as the outside presents a very beautiful appearance. It is expected that the church will be dedicated to the Triune God some time between the present and Whitsuntide. In this church there are, properly speaking, no staircases, only here and there a few steps, and only one stair-case which leads to the heater in the cellar. Unlike the heaters in many churches, the heater in this church gives full satisfaction.

On Monday evening, March 20th, in St. Paul's Church, Reading, Pa., Rev. Dr. Bausman held his annual reunion with the persons confirmed by him. This was the seventeenth assembly of this kind since his pastorate in Reading. He has altogether confirmed eighteen classes of catechumens, nine in the old First, and nine in the new St. Paul's Church. These eighteen classes embrace eleven hundred persons. The largest class numbered one hundred and thirty six members. On the evening in question, he gave a history of the persons confirmed by him, so far as this was possible, and exhorted them to steadfastness in their holy calling. During the last year three persons died of those who had been confirmed by him as members of St. Paul's Church.

The congregation worshipping in Christ Church, 16th and Green Sts., Phila., which Rev. George H. Johnston has been serving for several years, made an effort during the course of last fall to pay off the heavy debt of eighteen thousand dollars which still burdened their church. In this they very nearly succeeded, only about two thousand dollars remaining in arrears, and that arranged in such way as to be easily handled.

At Christ Reformed Church, Philadelphia, services were held during Holy Week; on Good-Friday there were two services, in the evening there were six received by confirmation and eight by certificate. The communion on Easter Sunday morning was largely attended, the chancel being beautifully decorated with flowers.

The corner-stone of the chapel of Grace Reformed Church, Tenth and Dauphin streets, Phila., was laid on Easter Sunday.

Rev. D. O. Shoemaker received 28 to full communion, at Sunbury, on Good-Friday. This with those received by certificate swells the number to thirty-one.

SYNOD OF PITTSBURG.

Rev. T. R. Dietz, having accepted call to become pastor of New Berlin charge, and entered on his duties as such, correspondents will please address him accordingly.

SYNOD OF POTOMAC.

We are sorry to learn that Rev. Dr. I. S. Weiss, of York, Pa., is suffering from a heavy affliction. Some time ago he was stricken with a stroke of palsy, but is now said to be slowly convalescing.

SYNOD OF OHIO.

The address of Rev. J. M. Grether is now Beaver, Pike Co., O. He was lately pastor of the Osnaburg charge. During the last classical year, ending in May, he baptized fifteen infants and two adults, confirmed thirty-one persons, collected thirty-four dollars for general benevolence, finished and dedicated the church in Strasburg.

GERMAN SYNOD OF THE EAST.

The German Philadelphia Classis held a special meeting Feb. 28th, in Zion's Reformed Church, Philadelphia, Pa. The occasion for the meeting was the organization of a new Reformed German congregation in the northwestern part of the city. A German Sunday-school was begun there some time ago. A location for the church was secured already last year, inasmuch as Dr. Wiehl had had a comfortable chapel built there. The organization of a congregation was simply a matter of necessity. Accordingly, a petition, having about forty signatures, was presented to the Classis, requesting the authority to organize a congregation. The request was unanimously granted by Classis, and a Committee appointed, which in connection with the petitioners is to complete the organization. The prospects of the new St. Luke's congregation, which latter is to be the title of the new organization are said to be encouraging.

The German Bethlehem congregation of Philadelphia, Pa., on the 12th of February, celebrated the anniversary of the dedication of their church. On the day named, a year had passed since the congregation moved into its beautiful new church, and with thanks to God they, on this occasion, thought upon the wonderful leadings of God's providence, which they had experienced amidst many conflicts and sorrows. At the morning service, Rev. Berleman preached the sermon to a large congregation, his subject being 'Love to the House of God,' and grounded upon the teachings of the 84th Psalm. In the evening the pastor of the congregation, Rev. J. G. Neuber, preached a very edifying sermon from Gen. 28: 10–22.

Especially large in the afternoon was the assembling of the Sunday-school, of which I. Maibach is Superintendent. Close attention was given to the address, in which Philip Heppe, Superintendent of the Zion's Sunday-school, recounted the first beginning of the Bethlehem congregation. He expressed his heartfelt joy, as one of the founders and the first leader of the Sunday school, that from so small a twig so large a tree had grown. They began on the second Sunday in October, 1852, in a hall on Thompson street, with twenty scholars, after that some twenty families had been organized into a congregation, in the house of his father, Henry Heppe. A brother, Julius C. Heppe, conducted the singing. The first sermon of their pastor, Rev. F. A. Friedel, from the words in St. Luke 12: 32; "Fear not, little flock," awakened courage and joy in the congregation. At the end of eight months, they moved with one hundred and fifty scholars into the basement of the old church, now torn away. At present the school numbers more than four hundred scholars, and has a branch school besides. S.

ANNUAL MEETINGS OF CLASSES FOR 1882.

The Classes of the Synods of the United States, Potomac, and Pittsburg, take place, as follows:

1. Mercersburg Classis, in Mercersburg, Pa., Wednesday evening, May 10, at 7.30 o'clock.
2. North Carlina Classis, in Mount Zion Church, Rowan county, N. C., Thursday, May 11, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
3. West Susquehanna Classis, in Mifflinburg, Pa., Wednesday evening, May 17, at 7.30 o'clock.
4. Virginia Classis, in Middlebrook, Va., Wednesday evening, May 17, at 7.30 o'clock.
5. East Pennsylvania Classis, in Bath, Pa, Friday evening, May 19, at 7.30 o'clock.
6. Goshenhoppen Classis, in Lower Milford, Pa., Friday afternoon, May 19, at 2 o'clock.
7. Tohickon Classis, in Springtown, Pa., Friday evening, May 19, at 7.30 o'clock.
8. Lehigh Classis, in Blandon, Pa., Friday evening, May 19, at 7.30 o'clock.
9. Allegheny Classis, in Millerstown, Pa., Monday evening, May 24, at 7.30 o'clock.
10. Clarion Classis, in St. Petersburg, Thursday evening, May 25, at 7.30 o'clock.
11. Zion's Classis, in Trinity Reformed Church of York, Pa., Tuesday forenoon, May 30, at 10 o'clock.
12. Lebanon Classis, in Newmanstown, Pa., Wednesday evening, May 31, at 8 o'clock.
13. East Susquehanna Classis, in Wilkesbarre, Pa, Wednesday evening, May 31, at 7.45 o'clock.
14. Maryland Classis, in Middletown, Md., Wednesday evening, May 31, at 7.30 o'clock.
15. Somerset Classis, in Meyersdale, Pa., —— May —, at 7.30 o'clock.
16. Lancaster Classis, in Columbia, Pa., Thursday evening, June 1, at 7.30 o'clock.
17. Westmoreland Classis, in Pine Run Ref. Church, Westmoreland county, Pa., Thursday evening, June 1, at 7.30 o'clock.
18. St. Paul's Classis, in St. Mark's Church of Zion's charge, Crawford county, Pa., Thursday evening, June 1, at 7.30 o'clock.
19. Philadelphia Classis, in White Marsh, Pa., Friday evening, June 2, at 8 o'clock.
20. San Francisco Classis, in St. John's Ref. Church of San Francisco, Cal., Friday evening, June 2, at 8 o'clock.
21. Portland Oregon Classis, in Oregon city, Oregon, Thursday evening, June 8, at 7.30 o'clock.
22. Gettysburg Classis (for organization), in Gettysburg, Pa., Wednesday evening, June 14, at 8 o'clock.
23. Carlisle Classis (for organization), in Carlisle, Pa., Wednesday evening, June 14, at 8 o'clock.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ALLIANCE.

The American Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance publishes the following statement of the committee on correspondence and publication, under date of March, 1882:

The committee on correspondence and publication take pleasure in reporting that advices from forty-five of the leading seminaries in the United States indicate a general awakening of interest among theological students in Missionary work. It is an equal source of gratification that this encouraging state of affairs may be attributed, in large measure, to the influence of the Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance. Almost without exception, the schools which have taken the deepest interest in the Alliance are the ones in which is now found the most earnest missionary work.

The statistics—necessarily somewhat fragmentary—show that there are now, in the seminaries which have reported, 98 men who have decided to become Foreign Missionaries, and 143 who will enter the Home field. Six of these directly, and many more indirectly, have been brought to a decision through the influence of the conventions. One hundred and eight (108) are reported as personally considering the question, or as weighing the relative claims of the Home and Foreign fields.

Many special missionary meetings have been held, and an increase of interest in the regular meetings of missionary societies is reported. The spirit of the Alleghany Convention is apparent on all sides, having been carried home by the delegates and propagated by the extensive circulation of the published report.

Perhaps the most encouraging columns in the table of statistics are those which show how the Alliance is regarded by the faculties and students of the various institutions. Appreciation of its utility, cordial and prayerful sympathy with its aims, and earnest hopes of its future power as one of the recognized agencies for the advance of Christ's kingdom, are expressed with a unanimity for which we were prepared. Many wise and kindly suggestions as to the needs and methods of the Alliance also attest the interest with which it is regarded.

The Committee have made public this brief summary of the information which they have gathered, in the hope that God will bless it, and that it may speed the work which has begun, and which promises such grand results.

L. L. Taylor, Chairman, Reformed Seminary, P. O. address, Box 251, New Brunswick, N. J.; W. H. Butrick, Baptist Seminary, P. O. address, Trevor Hall, Rochester, N. Y.; C. H. Dickinson, Congregational Seminary, P. O. address, Yale Divinity School, New Haven, Conn.; B. E. S. Ely, Jr., Presbyterian Seminary, P. O. address, 1060 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.; D. S. Spencer, Methodist Seminary, P. O. address, Drew Seminary, Madison, N. J.

General News.

HOME.

Jesse James, a notorious Missouri outlaw, was shot last week by a companion named Robert Ford, who gained his confidence that he might accomplish his end. It is said the assassin was playing the role of a detective and will claim the rewards offered for ridding the country of the desperado.

Frederick Maikles of Pittsburg was lately robbed of a satchel containing $100,000 worth of stocks on a western railroad train, by a blind man, who was caught burning them. $60,000 were said to be destroyed.

A large jewelry establishment at Attleboro, Mass., was destroyed by fire on the 5th inst. and 300 workmen thrown out of employment. ——A little girl named Rachel Killan was burned to death near Lancaster last week. Her clothing caught fire in a field where farmers had been burning brush.——St. Xavier's Roman Catholic Church at Cincinnati was completely destroyed by fire on the 7th inst.——Abel's stock barns near Buffalo, the Eastern Depot at Salem, Mass., and the premises of G. Ryneal in Washington, D. C. were burned on the same day.

The President has vetoed the Anti-Chinese bill, and this has caused great excitement in political circles. Some praise the action of the President, while others threaten to burn him in effigy.——Senator Miller of California introduced a bill to execute certain treaty stipulations relating to Chinese, identical with the vetoed Chinese bill, except that the term of suspension of immigration is reduced to ten years, and that the time for it to go into effect is made sixty days instead of ninety days after its enactment. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

A cyclone passed over Rice county, Kansas on the 6th inst. and swept away much property, including a Congregational and a Methodist Church. A water-spout came with the storm and many people were injured. The storm extended into Michigan.

FOREIGN.

The death of the Emperor of China was reported on the 8th inst. but contradicted on the 9th.

Gortschakoff, the reputed rival of Bismark, has retired. The Czar has appointed M. Giers as his successor. Gortschakoff still retains the dignity of imperial chancelor. The change has given satisfaction to Turkey.

Count Taafe, the President of the Austrian Council and Minister of the Interior, has issued positive orders forbidding all meetings avowedly for the purpose of anti-Semitic demonstrations, and maintaining the duty of the government to protect the rights of every subject, regardless of politics or religion.

St. Petersburg, April 9.—It is officially announced that the Emperor and Empress will not make the State visit to the cathedral, customary at this season, nor hold the subsequent reception.

There is no apparent improvement in England's Irish problem.

A PREMIUM FOR A TRACT.

A Premium of TWENTY DOLLARS is hereby offered for the best four-paged Tract on "THE REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES," for general distribution. Tract to contain 1500 words.

A Committee composed of Revs. J. A. Peters, Dr. J. B. Shumaker, J. G. Fritchey, Prof. J. I. Stahr and Elders Christian Gast and Jno. B. Roth, Chas. Denues, Esq., all of Lancaster, Pa., will review the manuscripts, and decide which one is entitled to the Premium.

Manuscripts are to be sent to any member of the Committee, Lancaster, Pa., by June 20th, '82.

Those sending them will sign them with an assumed name, and put assumed name and their own name in an envelope enclosed in another, which is to be directed to the undersigned.

All manuscripts to be the property of the undersigned.

CHAS. G. FISHER,
Ref. Ch. Pub. Bd.,
907, Arch St. Phila., Pa.

March 20, 1882.

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Youth's Department.

EASTER.

Down in the earth lie sleeping
A thousand buds and flowers:
God has them in His keeping
Through all the winter hours,

Over the hills comes stealing
The gentle breath of spring;
Awake, it says, ye flowers,
Ye little birdies, sing!

Call to the little children,
Ye brooks that babbling run;
Tell them, ye buds and blossoms
That wake to greet the sun—

Tell them the sweet, glad story,
That Christ their Lord has risen;
He who in the earth was sleeping
Has left His three days' prison.

After the gloom and sadness,
After the toil and pain,
He who bore all our sorrow,
The Lord, is risen again.

"Easter's the time for gladness'"
So let the children sing.
"Joy cometh after sadness,
After our winter, spring."

CHARLES HENRY COLE.

BY BELLE SPARR LUCKETT.

In Mrs. Cole's front parlor, near the west window, in a very handsome vase of bronze, there grew a delicate lily. This plant was Mrs. Cole's special treasure. Not only for the richness of its foliage and the beauty of its monthly bloom, but because the seeds from which it had been grown had come to her all the way across the ocean from the far-off land of China. Mrs. Cole's sister was a physician in that land of the Celestials.

One day, while on a visit to a heathen temple this lady had gathered a few seeds from a plant that grew beside the entrance to the temple. These seeds the missionary had sent to her sister, Mrs. Cole. Very tenderly had they been planted and with great rejoicing their shining green leaves had been discovered pushing their way up through the soft soil. The plants had grown as thriftily as though they were not "strangers in a strange land." One day a tiny red bud began to thrust its little pointed self out from under the sheath of a curling leaf. What joy there was then in the Cole household. Mrs. Cole would hardly allow a chair to be pushed anywhere near her precious plant. She purchased a small stand especially for it to sit upon, and this she placed in its own little nook by the west window, where the long afternoon's sunshine would glisten on the beautiful leaves and paint the blossoms.

Everybody in the house was charged to be careful of the Chinese lily. Charles Henry Cole was the oldest and only living child in the family. He was not naturally what would be called a mean boy. He was somewhat selfish, and like most selfish people, he was something of a coward. Many and many a time Charles Henry's mother had said to him, "Now, don't let me have to tell you again about coming in at that window. Doors are made for people to walk through, not windows. Now mind, Charles Henry, I don't want to see you do that again." The windows of the Cole residence were made to reach the floor—French windows they are called. In Summer time, when the window was open and the inside shutters ajar, it was a great temptation to step in through the window instead of going on to the door. One afternoon Charles Henry had been visiting a neighbor boy, and they had settled on trading foot-balls. Charles' ball was in his own closet where he kept his clothes and shoes and books, and all his things. The neighbor boy waited at the gate while Charles Henry ran into the house for his ball. The west window of the front parlor was open. He could go through there and back so much sooner, he knew, and, as his father and mother were away to tea at Major Grimp's, he well knew there was no one to scold and say, "Now don't." So, on he rushed.

Up flew the window, back swung the shutter—when thump, crash, scatter, went something to the floor. In an instant the truth flashed over him—it was his mother's precious lily. He had pushed over the small table on which it stood and broken every thing. He gazed ruefully upon the mischief wrought by disobedience. There was the beautiful plant all crushed and an arm of the costly vase broken, and there was also the ruined stand, and there was the damp soil strewn all over the best carpet in the house. How miserable and frightened he felt! How could he get out of it? was his first thought. Unfortunately at that moment Camp, the great, shaggy, black dog, with his knowing brown eyes and bushy head, stuck his nose in at the window, and sniffing at things a moment, wagged his tail and trotted off.

Charles Henry had an idea. Ah, such a mean, sly, wicked thought had crept into his heart! Slipping softly through the room and securing his ball, he tip-toed out again, leaving everything as it was. The window open, the shutter pushed back, the broken plant and table and vase, all lying in ruin on the floor.

"How in the world could it have happened?" exclaimed Mrs. Cole, bending down and gathering up the broken plant, unmindful of soiling her gloves or her best silk. Betty, the girl, affirmed again and again that she had not been out of the kitchen all afternoon. As she scraped the loose soil into the dust-pan she said something about tramps that no one took any notice of. Mrs. Cole was annoyed and almost angry enough to cry, poor woman. But all her exclamations of sorrow and regret did not mend the vase nor return the rare beautiful plant.

She had watched it so long and tended it with such care and had been so proud of it, and then her sister in China had sent her the seed, and to think now, after all that had been done, when it was so beautiful and perfect, somebody's carelessness had ruined it.

Just then Charles Henry slammed the front gate to and came bounding to the house.

"What's up?" he inquired, poking his head in at the window.

His face was full of surprise and innocence as he answered his father's question as to where he had been keeping himself "Me and George Downs have been over at Wilson's all afternoon." Camp, hearing his young master's step and voice, bounded up to the window and stuck his shaggy head in, surveying the disorder with as much concern as any one. "I wonder if Camp could have pushed the shutter open," said Mr. Cole, who stood by, ready to punish the guilty person, whoever he might be.

"That's just who it's been, I do expect," ejaculated Mrs. Cole, rising and wiping her face, which was very red and worried.

Camp rubbed his big, black nose against Mr. Cole's hand and looked into his face with his honest eyes that seemed to say, "No, indeed, sir, I never did so mean a thing."

But Mr. Cole, feeling assured it must have been the dog and no one else, lifted his cane and struck the poor brute a cruel blow. It must have been a heavy blow, for it seemed to have broken the poor dog's front paw. With a pitiful cry the dog limped to the cow-shed as fast as three legs would take him. As his bruised foot swung back and forth, the increasing pain made the poor animal utter more pitiful cries at every step. "I do believe you broke Camp's leg," exclaimed Mrs. Cole in excitement. Her heart was by far too kind to endure such cruelty. "All stuff!" answered Mr. Cole; "it'll only be a lesson to the brute." Charles Henry hastened after his old favorite with a great lump almost choking him, and an ache in his heart. The dog seemed to fear him and shrank from his touch. Charles took his big head in his arms and began petting him, while tears ran down his cheeks. At the boy's kind caresses, the dog crouched closer and whined in the most heartbroken manner. Mrs. Cole left her broken plant, and, with a bottle of varnish, a box of salve, and some linen rags, she hastened to the cow-shed. "Poor dog," said she, "poor dog, I'm so sorry. He didn't know any better. If he could have talked, he would have told us how sorry he was. He looked like he was telling us all about it, anyhow, poor fellow."

She tenderly bound up the wounded leg, while he licked her hands and looked such deep gratitude out of his great sad eyes. All this time Charles Henry stroked the dog's head with one hand and wiped away the great tears with the other. When his mother had finished tying up Camp's paw, she bent over her boy, and, kissing his wet cheek, said so tenderly, "Don't cry any more, now, he'll soon get well again. His leg is only bruised and strained; don't cry; we won't mind about the plant; perhaps we'll get some more seeds some day and try it again."

The boy could no longer deceive his mother. A hard battle between the good and the evil in his nature had been fought, but the good that was the stronger prevailed, and he bent his boyish head down on the poor dog's and sobbed out the story of his disobedience and deceit. He told his mother just how it all happened, and how he dreaded her displeasure so much that he had resolved to lay the blame on Camp, good, noble, honest Camp. The boy's story ended in a perfect storm of sobs that Camp could not understand. But knowing his master must be in some great trouble, he began licking his hands and even his face in token of his sympathy. Mrs. Cole was both shocked and happy. She was shocked that her boy whom she had trusted so for honor and honesty, had deceived her. She was happy to find that there was enough of good in him yet to confess and feel true sorrow for his sin. Mrs. Cole, with all a mother's love, forgave her sorrowful boy, and as she held his head in her lap, between the long sobs, he asked the forgiveness of God for the sin against His love, as well as the love of his mother and poor, wronged Camp.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

HOW ANIMALS PLAY.

Small birds chase each other about in play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops around in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersaults. The Americans call it the mad bird, on account of these singularities. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing abundant spray around. Deer often engage in sham battle, or trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals pretending violence in their play stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the ourang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey. Young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves strewed by the autumn wind. They crouch and steal forward ready for the spring, the body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion; they bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Benger saw young cougars and jaguars playing with round substances, like kittens. Birds of the magpie kind are the analogues of monkeys, full of mischief, play and mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie that was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles with much solemnity and a studied air, burying them in a hole made to receive a post. After dropping each stone it cried "Cur-ack" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.—*Anon.*

A WHOLE CENT.

"Halloa!" said Mr. Gray, as he turned the corner of his gate, and ran plump into a little girl who was coming out.

"Oh, don't stop me, please. I've got a whole cent and I am going to the store." And the little figure trotted away, with one hand closed so tight that the cent couldn't have got out if it had been alive.

"John Baker, Candies and Pies," that was the place she wanted; and in a minute she was standing on tiptoe, trying to make believe she was big enough to look over the counter.

Mr. Baker was busy, and so Jo (her whole name was Josephine) had a chance to look about. "Candies and Pies!" I should say so! So thick everywhere that you couldn't see the paper on the walls. Jo never had a cent all for her own before, and how to spend it just right required a good deal of thought and a good deal of looking around beforehand.

"Well, my little miss, what is it?"

"A great, large cake," said Jo; and Mr. Baker took down one of those tremendous big ones, with scallops all around them.

"Any little mites of pies for dollies?"

"Oh, yes!" and one was put on top of the big cookie, and so Jo went through the whole list, candies, cakes and pies, and Mr. Baker did them all up in nice, white paper, and tied the bundle with a pretty speckled string. Jo picked up her big package, put down her cent, said, "Thank you, sir," and started to go home.

"What is this cent for?" asked Mr. Baker.

"Don't you know?" said Jo. "It's for the candy and things."

"But they come to forty-five cents," said Mr. Baker.

"That's funny!" said Jo. "My mamma gave me the cent, and told me to buy just what I wanted. Forty-five cents is more, isn't it?"

Now, Mr. Baker had a little girl just about as big as Jo, and so he couldn't help loving her. What do you think he did? He took the bundle and marked in big letters, "Price one cent."

"Now," said he, "you owe me forty-four cents, and I'll give you that for a kiss, and then we will be square." So he took his kiss, and Jo took her bundle and went home; and the feast that she and her dollies had lasted from four o'clock till nearly bedtime.—*N. Y. Weekly Tribune.*

WHERE BUTTONS COME FROM.

The button trade of New York is estimated at from eight to ten million dollars a year. Last year the importation of buttons exceeded three and a half million dollars, the aggregate for the four years just passed being but a little short of thirteen million dollars. At American rates of wages many of the imported buttons could not be put upon their cards for the price they sell for.

Glass buttons are made mostly in Bohemia, and children are largely employed at the work, which they do as quickly and as neatly as adults. The children get ten cents a day, men from forty to fifty cents, and women a little less. Pearl buttons are imported from Vienna, where they are almost exclusively manufactured; and the all-important shirt buttons are received mostly from Birmingham, England, where the majority of metal buttons are likewise procured. The most extensive of all the button manufacturing, however, is that of the Parisian and Berlin novelties. In one manufacturing village near Paris, where there are from 5000 to 6000 inhabitants, all the working people are engaged in making the agate button, which, even with thirty per cent. duty added to the cost, sell, when imported into this country, at the extremely low figure of thirty one-cents per great gross. The material alone, it is reported, could not be procured here for double that amount.

While American manufacturers make no attempt, and probably have no desire, to compete with European producers, employing hand processes, they excel in making bone, composition, brass, ivory, and gold buttons by machinery, and are able to export considerable quantities of these styles. In Providence, R. I., for example, sleeve buttons and jewelry buttons are largely manufactured expressly for exportation.

PARTNERSHIP.

(*A little girl addresses the mother of her pet kitten.*)

You need not be looking around at me so;
She's my kitten, as much as your kitten, you know,
And I'll take her wherever I wish her to go!

You know very well that the day she was found,
If I hadn't cried, she'd surely been drowned,
And you ought to be thankful she's here safe and sound.

She is only just crying because she's a goose;
I'm *not* squeezing her—look, now!—my hands are quite loose;
And she may as well hush, for it's not any use.

And *you* may as well get right down and go 'way!
You're not in the thing we're going to play,
And, remember, it isn't your half of the day.

You're forgetting the bargain we made—and soon!
In the morning she's mine, and yours all afternoon,
And *you* couldn't teach her to eat with a spoon.

So don't let me hear you give one single mew.
Do you know what will happen, right off, if you do?
She'll be my kitten mornings and afternoons, too!

—MARGARET VANDEGRIFT *in St. Nicholas.*

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF A NERO.

It was to Nero that Tacitus applied the expression, incredibilium cupilor. What he not only desired but achieved in the way of cruelty and vice would be declared incredible if Roman history had not already shown what revolting atrocities may be conceived by a diseased imagination and executed by irresponsible power. After the burning of the city he gratified his taste, in entire disregard of the proprietors, in rebuilding it. He at once appropriated a number of the sites and a large portion of the public grounds of the new grounds for his new palace. The porticoes, with their ranks of columns, were a mile long. The vestibule was large enough to contain that colossal statue of him, in silver and gold, 120 feet high, from which the Colosseum got its name. The interior was gilded throughout, and adorned with ivory and mother-of-pearl. The ceilings of the dining rooms were formed of moveable tablets of ivory, which shed flowers and perfumes on the company. The principal salon had a dome which, turning day and night, imitated the movements of the terrestrial bodies. When his palace was finished, he exclaimed: "At last I am lodged like a man." His diadem was valued at half a million. His dresses, which he never wore twice, were stiff with embroidery and gold. He fished with purple lines and hooks of gold. He never traveled with less than a thousand carriages. The mules were shod with silver, the muleteers clothed with the finest wool, and the attendants wore bracelets and necklaces of gold. Five hundred she asses followed his wife Poppæa in her progresses, to supply milk for her bath. He was fond of figuring in the circus as a charioteer, and in the theatre as a singer and actor. He prided himself on being an artist, and when his possible deposition was hinted to him, he said that artists could never be in want. There was not a vice to which he was not given, nor a crime which he did not commit. Yet the world, exclaims Suetonius, endured this monster for fourteen years, and he was popular with the multitude, who were dazzled by his magnificence and mistook his senseless profusion for liberality. On the anniversary of his death, during many years, they crowded to cover his tomb with flowers.

ELEPHANTS AND FLOWERS.

The more I think about the elephants, the more wonderful they seem to be. The great, clumsy creatures are so very knowing, so very loving, and so like human beings in many of their qualities. They know their power well, and they also know just when not to use it. Deacon Green tells me that keepers and trainers of elephants often lie down on the ground and let the huge fellows step right over them; and that they feel perfectly safe in doing so, because they know the elephants will pick their way carefully over the prostrate forms, never so much as touching them, still less treading on them. Yet the mighty creatures can brush a man out of existence as easily as a man can brush away a fly. And what delicate taste they have—delighted, I'm told, with strawberries, gum-drops, or any little dainty of that kind! They are fond of bright colors, too, and travelers tell wonderful tales of seeing elephants gather flowers with the greatest care, and smell them, apparently with the keenest pleasure. It is true they *eat* the same flowers afterward—but dear me! I've seen girls do the same thing! Many a time I've watched a little lady pluck a wild rose, look at it a moment, sigh "how lovely!" then open her pretty lips and swallow the petals one by one. Why shouldn't an elephant? —*St. Nicholas.*

Pleasantries.

After an enthusiastic lover spends two hours' hard labor over a letter to his girl, and then mars its beauty by spilling a drop of ink on it, he first swears in a very scientific manner for a few moments, and then draws a circle around the blot and tells her it is a kiss.

Three gentlemen, during a conversation, agreed to pay one pound sterling each to the one who should tell the tallest and most ridiculous story. The first commenced his story thus: "There was once a wealthy editor——" "Stop!" cried one of the party; "here's our money.

Curran was one day engaged in a case in which he had for a colleague a remarkably tall and slender gentleman, who had originally intended to take orders. The judge observing that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law, Curran interposed with, "I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though in my opinion he is fitter for the steeple."

The following story is told of a distinguished Edinburgh professor: Desiring to go to church one wet Sunday, he hired a cab. On reaching the church door, he tendered a shilling—the legal fare—to cabby, and was somewhat surprised to hear the cabman say, "'Twa shillin,' sir." The professor, fixing his eye upon the extortioner, demanded why he charged two shillings, upon which the cabman dryly answered, "We wish to discourage traveling on the Sawbath as much as possible, sir." Doubtless, on the same principle, it is to discourage day-traveling that our elevated railroads charge five cents too much except during the few hours they have allotted to commutation rates.

Religious Intelligence.

At Home.

It is said that five denominations have 250,000 members in Texas in a population of 750,000.

Another effort will be made at the coming Southern Methodist General Conference to have the name of the Church changed to Episcopal Methodist Church.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church South will meet in Atlanta, Ga., May 18. The opening sermon will be preached by Dr. R. P. Farris, Moderator of the last Assembly.

Dr. Robinson, in his Yale lectures on preaching, says there is a diminished church attendance, and ascribes the falling off to various causes, among which are the general skepticism respecting the authenticity and inspiration of the Bible; the existence of cheap literature and published sermons; the attractions of natural scenery, the Sunday-school, and imported Continental customs.

The New York *Observer* deploringly makes note of the fact that that denomination is sadly neglecting the sacred ordinance of Baptism. It states that in three of their congregations in Philadelphia, with an adult membership of nearly 1,000, not a single child was baptized in the last year. In two others, with over 400 members, only one child in each was dedicated to the Lord in baptism.

Rev. Cornelius H. Edgar, D. D., pastor of the American Reformed Church at Easton, Pa., resigned on Sunday, the 12th. He is now seventy-one years of age, and is a native of Rahway, N. J. He graduated at Princeton College in 1830, and was first called at Bridgehamton, L. I. Nearly thirty years ago he was called to Easton, where he has made full proof of his ministry, exerting a wide influence upon the community and maintaining a reputation for eminent ability, great usefulness, and unsullied character.

The latest official statistics of the Moravian church give the following totals: communicants, 9,697; last year there were received 790, and re-admitted 39 members. The net gain in the number of communicants for the year 1881 was 136. The Sunday-school scholars number 8,636, who are cared for by 999 officers and teachers. The largest church is that at Bethlehem, Pa., with 1,199 communicants and 693 Sunday-school scholars. Four other churches have over three hundred members, namely, Litiz, Pa., 374; Nazareth, Pa., 315; Lancaster, Pa., 303; and Hope, Ind., 310.

Abroad.

The Bishop-elect of Cuernanaca, the Rev. Prudenzio G. Hernandez, of the Reformed Mexican Church, is a pure-blooded Indian.

The Northern Methodists have purchased a portion of the Franciscan convent in the city of Mexico, and improved it into an elegant church, a small chapel, schoolrooms, an orphanage, and dwellings for their missionaries.

The Oriental (Greek) and Western (Roman) churches this year meet on common ground at Easter. The festival occurs on the same day for both. During Lent there is divine service in the Russian chapel alterating in the Slavonic and English languages and English sermons by Father Bjerring.

Dr. Begg, the uncompromising leader of the Free Church in the Scottish Highlands, is preparing a weapon to use in case instrumental music should be sanctioned in public worship. He will demand that any congregation whose conscience is offended may separate from the Free Church, and take with it its church and manse, and its fair share of the funds of the Church.

Dean Bradley, the successor of the late Dean Stanley of Westminster, appears to sympathize with Von Moltke's theory that "war is an element in the order of the world ordained by God, for in it the noblest virtues of mankind are developed." He said in a recent sermon at Westminster that he was deeply interested in war, "because it has done so much to develop human character." Dean Bradley, by-the-way, has himself gone through a regular course of military drill and discipline.

A somewhat singular service was held recently in the parish church of Marston, Lincolnshire, England. In consequence of a suicide having been committed in the church a strong feeling existed among the inhabitants that the building ought to be reconsecrated. The Vicar, the Rev. H. B. Thorold, having consulted the Bishop of Lincoln, his lordship suggested that an appropriate penitential service would be sufficient. The parishioners were invited to attend, and filled the church to overflowing. The occasion was felt to be one of great solemnity, and produced a deep impression upon the assembled congregation.

The latest sensation of the high ecclesiastical caste is a project to establish a Greek hierarchy in England. It has been incubated by that section of the Ritualists who have for some time been sighing and striving to effect a corporate reunion with the Greek Church. The Englishmen who are thus craving fellowship with one of the most degraded forms of perverted Christianity abroad are distinguished for the contempt with which they view all the most vital churches in their own country. The marriage of the Duke of Edinburg to the daughter of the late Tsar has brought the Greek Church into prominence in fashionable circles.

THE IODINE TRICK.

It is astonishing to what peculiar methods people will sometimes resort to endeavor to advance their own and injure others' interests. One of the latest and most unfair expedients is that of certain manufacturers of baking powders, who are endeavoring to prejudice consumers against all other preparations than their own by exhibiting from house to house a test purporting to show the quality of various powders. The facts are, this so-called test, which we are told simply consists in adding a little iodine to a sample, can in no way reveal the true value of a baking powder, and is only calculated to deceive and prejudice the minds of the ignorant and unwary. Some powders are injurious, but this can only appear by analysis. The true value of a baking powder consists in the amount of leavening gas which is given off when heat and moisture are added to the flour, and it is only the chemist, with the aid of chemical appliances, who can determine the volume of gas which any powder can evolve. We will venture to say that there is not an article prepared for food that might not be manipulated by chemical tests to prove that something was wrong about it, and when a person goes into a kitchen, or before a housekeeper, who is not to be presumed to understand chemical relations, and performs an experiment of even the simplest character, it is not difficult to impress one that something awful is the matter. As to baking powders, we could suggest a dozen tests that would be as ridiculous in giving a fair idea of their relative merits to an uninstructed mind as the one here mentioned. The truth is, that the best test to make of a baking powder is to try it in making bread, and see which makes the most and best. To this practical test all of the established brands of powders have been put, and housekeepers have very generally made up their minds which they prefer, and the iodine testers will find ultimately that households that have for years used a favorite brand will not be apt to make a change on the test proposed.—*American Grocer.*

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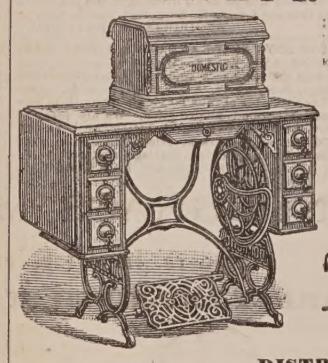
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PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.
Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, April 10.

FLOUR.—We quote the whole range of prices as follows: Supers at $3.50@4.50; winter extras at $4.75@5.50; Pennsylvania family at $6@6.25, chiefly $6.25, for choice; Ohio and Indiana do. at $6.75@7.25; some fancy brands at $7.35@7.50; St. Louis and Southern Illinois do. at $7@7.50; Minnesota bakers' extras at $6.75@7.50, and winter and spring patents at $7.62½@8.50, as to quality, chiefly at $8@8.50 for Minnesota. Rye Flour ruled steady, with small sales at $4.50@4.75 as to quality.

WHEAT.—At the second call 10,000 bus. No. 2 red April sold at $1.41; and 5000 bus. June at $1.35½, closing with $1.40⅜ bid and $1.41½ asked for April; $1.40 bid and $1.40⅜ asked for May; $1.35 bid and $1.35½ asked for June, and $1.22 bid and $1.22½ asked for July.

CORN.—At the open Board, first call, there were no sales. At the second call 5,000 bus. May sold at 83c.; and 5000 bushels July at 81⅛c.; closing at 85c. bid and 87c. asked for April; 82¼c. bid and 83c. asked for May; 81⅛c. bid and 82½c., asked for June, and 81⅛c. bid and 81½c. asked for July.

OATS.—Sales of 5000 bushels No. 2 white at 64c.; 4000 bushels No. 3 do. at 63c.; 1000 bushels rejected at 61c., 1000 bushels mixed at 63c., and 2000 bushels in special bin at 63c. Closing rates for options were 59c. bid and 61c. asked for April; 55½c. bid and 59c. asked for May; 55½c. bid and 56c. asked for June, and 53½c. bid and 54c. asked for July.

RYE—There was none offering. The last sale of Pennsylvania was at 89c. per bushel.

GROCERIES.—Coffee was in slow demand, but steadily held at yesterday's prices. Sales of 325 bags Rio at 9½@10c.; 175 bags do. at 9½@11c.; 175 bags Maracaibo at 10½@12½c.; 250 bags of Laguayra at 9⅝c., and 150 mats Java at 17c. Raw Sugars were quoted unchanged at 7 5-16@7 7-16 for fair to good refining muscovadoes. Refined were active and strong at 10½c. for cut loaf and crushed; 10c. for powdered; 9⅝c. for granulated; 9½c. for mould A, and 9⅜ for standard A.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at $18.50@19, shoulders in salt, 7@7½c.; do. smoked 8c.; pickled shoulders, 7½c.; do. smoked, 8½c; pickled bellies, 9½@9⅝c.; smoked do. 11½c.; loose butchers' Lard 10⅝c.; prime steam do. $11.50; city kettle do. 11⅝c. Beef Hams, $21@23 as to brand; sweet-pickled Hams, 11½@11⅝c., as to average; smoked do., 12@13c; smoked Beef, 15@16c.; extra India Mess Beef, $25@26 f. o. b.; city family do., $14 and packet do. $13 f. o. b. Tallow at 7½@7⅝c.

BUTTER.—We quote Penna. creamery extras 44@45; Western do. do. 43c.; do. good to prime, at 40@42c.; do. imitation, 34@38c.; Bradford and York State tubs, fresh, extras, 41@42c.; do. good at 37@40c.; Western extras, fresh, 37@39c.; do. good to prime, 32@35c.; factory, choice, 37@38c., none here; do. good to prime, 32@35c.; rolls, choice to fancy, 30@33c., but none here; do. prime, 25@26c.; do fair to good, 15@23c.; common and medium shipping grades, 9@11c.; grease, 3@6c.; prints, fancy, 45@47c.; do. firsts, 40@43c.; do. seconds, 32@35c.

EGGS.—Choice near-by stock sold from 20c. down to 18c., closing with the lattter asked. We quote Western at 17½@18c.

CHEESE.—We quote York State full cream choice at 13½@13¾c.; do. fair to prime at 12@13c.; Ohio flat, fine, 12½c.; selections, 12½c.; do. fair to prime, 11@12c.; Pennsylvania creamery half-skims, 7@8c.; and skims, from 5@6c. for best down to 1@2c. for inferior.

POULTRY.—We quote at 12@13c. for mixed lots and 14c. for straight hens.

PETROLEUM.—The market was quiet but firm at 7½c., for refined in barrels and 10½c., for do. in cases.

HAY AND STRAW.—We quote No. 1 Western and York State Hay at $18@18 50; choice cars $19; fair to good do, $15@17, and poor, $12@14. Rye Straw was firm at $15@16, the latter without wood.

SEEDS.—Clover was dull at 7@8c., as to quality. Timothy was inactive and nominal at $2 60@2.65 ⅌ bushel. Flax was steady at $1.45.

FEED.—Sales of 2 car winter Bran, coarse, track, at $26; 3 cars do. spring at $25.50; and 2 cars do. do. fair at $25; 1 car white middlings track at $26.50 and 10 tons do. on dock at $27 ⅌ ton.

Live Stock Prices.

For the week ending April 4.—The receipts of live stock at the Philadelphia Stock Yards were: Beeves, 2,400; sheep, 10,000; hogs, 3 200. Beef cattle were active and prices closed ¼c. higher. Extra 7⅛@7⅜c.; good 7⅛@7¼c.; medium 6⅞@7c.; common 5¾@6¼c.; fat cows, 5@6c. Milch Cows were inactive at $30@60. Sheep.—The market has been fairly active and prices closed firm. A few good sheared sheep sold at 5¾c. Extra 7⅛@7¼c.; good 6⅞@7c.; medium 5¾@6¼c.; common 5@5¾c.; lambs, 6¼@8c.; calves, milch, 6@9c. Hogs were in fair demand. Good 10@10½c.; common 8½@9c. Dressed Beeves were active at 9@11½c. Dressed Sheep were active at 8½@10c. and dressed lambs at 9@11c.

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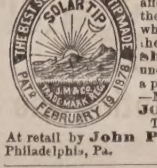

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FOR THE YOUNG. CINDERELLA (50 cts.), CULPRIT FAY ($1.00), DRESS REHEARSAL (50 cts.), GUARDIAN ANGEL (50c.), HOME IN FAIRY LAND, (60 cts.), LESSON IN CHARITY (60 cts.) LITTLE BO-PEEP (60 cts.), QUARREL AMONG FLOWERS, (35 cts.), SPRING HOLIDAY (60 cts), THREE LITTLE KITTENS, (50 cts.), TWIN SISTERS, (50 cents).
LIGHT OPERAS. PATIENCE ($1), MASCOT (50 cts.), BILLEE TAYLOR (50 cts.), LITTLE DUKE ($1.00), PINAFORE (50 cts.), PIRATES ($1.00).
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